THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

MARCH, 1935

THE Government has now reached that stage common to the life of all governments when they spend their weekdays nervously assuring the public their health is sound, and their Sundays listening to Mr. Garvin stridently informing the public in the directly contrary sense. Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George has kept very quiet. Those who pretend to know, whisper of "conversations" broken off—a particularly safe gambit for the gossip-monger because the less the visible result of the conversations the greater the credence given to the story of a breakdown. The peculiar emphasis of Mr. Chamberlain's references to Mr. Lloyd George's proposals as so far defined makes it certain that the Government can only preserve its unity by maintaining its own policy unchanged. As it can only preserve its existence after 1936 by changing its policy, we are bound to have a flood of rumours for the next few months. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, no more than Mr. Lloyd George in 1922, will be allowed to face a certain defeat at the polls. There will be reconstruction from within or without. The worst thing for the country would be a weak reconstruction from within. The best hope for the country lies in some development which will re-unite the Conservative party under new leadership, with Mr. Baldwin in the part played by Mr. Balfour from 1909 to 1914. That this course would appeal to an overwhelming majority of the Conservative party is certain. It might not, and probably would not, result in a Conservative victory at the next election, but it would result in freeing the party from its alliance with the bitter enemies of its principles, and it might even have the fortunate effect of leading to the formulation of a

policy positively directed to putting those principles into practice.

Mr. Baldwin and the Government

MR. BALDWIN is admittedly not himself in a position to break up the National Government, even to form a new one. He stands precisely where Sir Austen Chamberlain stood in 1922. His party then as now must act on its own responsibility. It must, in other words, take a clear cut decision to merge its identity in a new Liberal-"Planning" group adopting the word "National" as its label, or to reconstruct itself as a Tory party with a policy of radical reform on Tory lines. Happily, self-interest and the public advantage point the same road. Liberal Planning is dying a lingering death. We have already learnt that a plan means first a dislocation of the relation between supply and demand, then a subsidy, then a new plan to co-ordinate the planners, and finally a new committee to inquire into the failure of the co-ordinators. The industries which start straight away with an honest-to-God subsidy are better off. They simply ask for more and more until then it becomes necessary because of the cost of the subsidy to limit the size of the industry whose expansion was the original purpose of the subsidy. These, however, are minor matters Economics should never dominate politics. The real trouble is far deeper because it is political. The public will not tolerate the new device on which Liberal-Socialism depends—the device of independent Boards free from political control. Subsidies and plans will mean inevitably, and in the short rather than the long run, the assumption by Parliament of the direct responsibility for running the industry concerned. The measure of control which such responsibility implies will be far greater than private enterprise will accept without ridding itself of financial responsibility.

A Parliamentary fiasco

THE most important event of the month by far has been the fiasco of the Unemployment Board's regulations. It was obvious that the gross abuses which had followed from the association of the relief of the unemployed with local politics could merely be magnified if the scales of relief became a regular and recurring issue at every general election. The National Government claimed to have found a solution by placing the responsibility for the scales of relief and for their administration with a Board not represented in Parliament, whose salaries like those of His Majesty's Judges, are charged on the Consolidated Fund. The only practical result of all this hugaboo has been a rather hesitant ruling by the Speaker that Members of the Board cannot be criticised as individuals except on a specific motion made for that purpose. In effect, the whole grandiose conception, widely advertised as the heaven-sent device which would make national planning on the widest scale compatible with the maintenance of Parliamentary democracy, has collapsed in ruins. And not all the King's horses nor all the King's men can piece the imposing structure together again.

Mr. Stanley's position

ONE must assume as a matter of course that Mr. Stanley offered his resignation. On constitutional grounds it should have been accepted; just as, with infinitely less reason, Sir Austen Chamberlain's resignation was accepted on the publication of the Mesopotamia report. Nothing is more disgusting to the public than the " loyalties " of politicians. The suspicion that these " loyalties " to colleagues and leaders cover a deep indifference to the public welfare is certainly quite unfounded in most cases. Whatever may be true of those who ask for loyalty on these occasions, those who give it do so on grounds which seem to them compelling. The

fact remains that there is a great deal too much of the Old School Tie in English public life. Politics is far too serious a business to-day to be left to the politicians. If the Victorian father of legend who only asked for a frank and full disclosure of a prodigal son's liabilities before writing a cheque for double the necessary amount ever existed, his sentimental folly could at least be excused by the fact that the cheque was drawn on his own banking account. When Politicians forgive the prodigal, they do so at the expense of the Taxpayers, and to put it quite simply, they have no right to indulge their personal loyalties at other people's expense.

The Growth of Nepotism

THIS consideration brings to mind another and quite new evil which is creeping into English public life, and that is Nepotism. It is impossible to study the new appointments in all the walks of life which come under political control or influence, without being struck by the growing proportion of appointments given to the sons of men who themselves held similar appointments. It is easy to talk of hereditary ability. It is still easier to realize the immense advantage which a young man, granted that he has some ability, derives from being the son of a famous father. In journalism, in politics, at the bar, on the stage, in diplomacy, or in the City, it is equally true and equally inevitable. It remains inconceivable that when it comes to positions of the highest responsibility there is so little competition and so little new talent that almost every other appointment has on strict merit to go to somebody's son or nephew. The one real charge which can be brought against the system of private enterprise in business is the necessary acceptance under the system of the hereditary principle. It often has serious consequences, but in the narrower sphere of private business its disadvantage was on the whole balanced by the familiarity acquired from environ-

ment with the *minutiæ* of a technique which a manager introduced from outside would take ten years to learn. But public life is concerned with problems of a different order where it is the exceptional and innate, not the routine and acquired, qualities of mind and character which count. The eighteenth-century oligarchy of agriculture and commerce survived because of the ready welcome it gave to new ideas and young men. The number of those who ruled was limited, but the gates of privilege were wide open to ability. The present oligarchy of the middle class will fail to retain the public confidence unless, with infinitely wider opportunities for the recruitment of ability, it shows at least an equal readiness to search it out and to make use of it. It is far harder, admittedly, to-day, because the inclusiveness of the old oligarchy was to some extent forced upon it by shortage of ability within the charmed circle. To-day there is within all the governing groups such a large amount of competent talent that the temptation to make the best of the known quality rather than to experiment with the unknown is very great. It must, however, be resisted.

The Wavertree Election

THE Wavertree Election resulted as expected. The figures call for little comment. We knew already that at least half of the Conservative party is deeply dissatisfied with the leadership, not on personal but on political grounds. The attack on Mr. Randolph Churchill's candidature was frankly absurd. It appears to be the belief of some politicians that seats are at the disposal of party caucuses. It is a new and foolish doctrine. If democracy is to survive it will only be through an intelligent use of the electoral system to enable the public to have a free vote. In any case, democracy has no meaning if responsible movements and groups are not to be allowed to ask the suffrages of

their supporters in the country. What in the name of fortune is the purpose of the franchise otherwise ? If the franchise is merely a device for enabling the electorate to make a choice between the tied and often paid nominees of the party machines the result here will be the same as in Germany and Italy. The public will revolt from a system which denies them a free voice in choosing their rulers and will band together to destroy the system. Whether they will put a better one in its place is another matter. We would remind those ingenuous theorists who protested at Mr. Churchill's intrusion that every single important movement for reform since 1800 has begun outside Parliament and been forced on Parliament by organized movements from outside. This was the history of Parliamentary reform itself, of the abolition of the slave trade, of the abolition of the Corn Laws, of prison reform, of colonial reform, of Catholic emancipation. If such movements to-day are to be stifled by the party machines on party lines, the price will be a revolutionary change in our political system.

The future of the League

THE Saar Plebiscite figures were published too late for a reference in these notes last month. They constitute a striking setback, not for the League of Nations machinery, which functioned extremely effectively, but for the " League mentality." Little though we sympathize with the ignorant and sometimes malicious attacks on Herr Hitler's régime, no one denies that it has grave defects. The alternative offered to the population of the Saar was in effect the continuation of the League's government, with every possible guarantee for freedom of opinion and worship, and with manifold economic advantages for all classes and in particular for the workers. That, with such an alternative, Herr Hitler should have been able to secure a larger majority, under conditions ensuring absolute freedom at the polls, than

in Germany itself has shattered the moral and intellectual prestige of the League, as at present organized, beyond recovery. It is strange but true that it has also enhanced its political prestige. Its value as a piece of machinery at the service of free peoples for use on suitable occasions is now established. But the bearing of the Saar plebiscite on the League's influence over those wider problems with which it had hoped to deal—and might have dealt with had it been wisely directed—has been immediate. The dispute between Italy and Abyssinia was precisely the kind of question which the League was formed to decide, and the methods adopted by Italy precisely the kind of methods which the League's foundation was intended to prevent. The discovery that in the Saar, when the admitted alternative was a ruthless dictatorship, less than 10 per cent. of the people were prepared to accept the League's authority has shown the world's politicians that no effective support for the League can be hoped for when such support demands the subordination of national interests and prejudices to theoretic advantages. The result has been to face the League, in the Abyssinian question, with the alternatives of inaction or the risk of another fiasco like that of Manchukuo. The League has decided that discretion is the better part of the new international valour and Italian imperialism marches on. That the milestones on its march will be a series of dictated "settlements" rather than a series of military victories is to be hoped and expected. But the moral is the same.

Lord Lothian and Japan

MEANWHILE, Lord Lothian, also forgetting the League for the time being, calls in *The Times* on the signatories of the nine-power pact to avert, by peaceful means, the advance of China on Japan. But on no account, he adds, is force to be used. In other words, the great powers are to continue the policy of

statesmanlike inactivity which has produced the present situation in China, and to ask Japan to join them in doing nothing. True, he mentions the possibility of foreign advisers and foreign capital; but these simple proposals carry no one any further, unless the real purpose is to lend China not merely money and advisers, but soldiers, sailors and munitions, and to organize behind the façade of the Nanking Government the largest and the most costly and most unjustifiable war which the East has known for many hundreds of years. It is either that or nothing. Lord Lothian would do well to tell us. The idea that the Japanese will accept effective foreign control in China—which involves an effective and therefore military opposition to her expansion in Mongolia and probably in other directions—is absurd. Japanese public opinion would not tolerate it, whatever the Japanese Foreign Office might wish to say.

India: the new situation

THOSE who were prepared, however reluctantly, to accept the main outline of the Government's Indian Bill as a final settlement of the Indian constitutional problem for a generation at least, were disillusioned by Sir Samuel Hoare's speech on the Second reading. It is now clear that this Bill is not a final settlement; it does not represent this country's interpretation of her obligations; it is merely an interim measure on the road to a new and wholly different Dominion Constitution. The Constitutional issues raised in the debate were of the first importance. It is now apparently established that under democracy the isolated utterance of a paid servant of the Crown, not necessarily even a member of the Cabinet, can bind the people's representatives, not merely during the lifetime of the administration which employs him, but in perpetuity. This scandalous doctrine, arrogating rights of infallibility

never claimed by the Roman Church in her most exalted moments, which neither Herr Hitler, Signor Mussolini, or M. Stalin would venture to assert, has been accepted by the responsible leaders of the British people and by the Press without a murmur. And yet people wonder that democracies fail.

An abuse of power

SUCH an abuse of place and privilege has never been tolerated in any age. It is, in the strict sense of the term, intolerable. Every politician's pledge has always been read subject to the qualification " if Parliament agrees." A minister, under the Constitution as it existed the day before yesterday, had no right of any kind to bind anyone except, if he were a Cabinet minister, his Cabinet colleagues; and even they could nullify his pledge by requiring his resignation. All that the pledge meant, constitutionally, was that a minister could not personally remain in or join an administration which was not prepared to recommend the measure in question to Parliament, and that if Parliament refused its consent, the administration would resign. The whole of the utterances of His Majesty's ministers on India have been made in terms gravely unconstitutional, in circumstances which made it desirable that the correct constitutional position should be stressed. The matter has now been carried a stage further and cannot be left there. Obviously democracy has no meaning at all if future parliaments can be pledged to policies of previous ministers whom the electorate has rejected. If there is any vitality at all in English politics, this issue will have to be fought out. If the position now taken up by the Government were finally accepted, it could only be made tolerable by a written Constitution removing all fundamental political questions from decision by the Government of the day, and specifying the questions on which ministers could only pronounce after Parliamentary approval had been given.

Pepper: the Stock Markets

THE pepper crisis and the break in the gilt-edged market has brought the city into prominence in a highly undesirable way. Speculation in the commodity markets is inevitable, but the belief that the pepper pool was enjoying at least the goodwill of very powerful interests was a factor which cannot be denied. As *The Economist* has pointed out, the distinction drawn between the private and public activities of banks and bankers is an inadmissible one, once these private activities become a matter of public knowledge. In the public service the rule against speculation has long been absolute and in recent years very distinguished public servants have paid the penalty for rather technical breaches of that rule. The case against political control of the joint-stock banks is that they are already, in all but the name, public institutions. This case is well-founded, but it carries with it the corollary that the rules which apply to the public service as regards speculation should apply to the directorates of the banks, and to investments through the Banks' nominees.

Some part of the weakness of the gilt-edged market was due to realizations to meet losses from speculation, but the unpleasant fact remains that a large part of the selling was political in its purpose. Rumours of the impending break-up of the National Government produced selling orders from the Continent but also from this country. It is all very well to say that this is only a natural reaction due to fears of a split in the conservative party which might lead to a socialist victory at the polls. This is perhaps true, but anything in the way of the manipulation of the gilt-edged market for political purposes will have political repercussions which will be wholly unfavourable to the national interests. It is common knowledge that great pressure is being put by financial interests on independent conservatives to-day to maintain the cohesion of the Government. Such pressure may be legitimate in its motives, but it is

foolish beyond belief. The prosperity of the stock markets can only be securely based on the prosperity of the country, and this in its turn depends on the pursuit by the Government of the day of wise and just policies. On this matter, the judgment of the politicians must be independent. It is absurd to imagine that the maintenance of boom conditions in Throgmorton Street can outweigh, in the public mind, the need for the restoration of agriculture, the promotion of employment and the preservation of the Empire, or that policies directed to the former, at the expense of the latter objects, will even command the support of a majority of the electorate.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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The Completion of the Five Years' Plan

An Italian Engineer's Judgment

By Mario Sertoli

(A translation, somewhat abridged, by G. H. J. Dauncey, of an article in the *Nuova Antologia* of November 16, 1933.)

WHEN I arrived in Moscow towards the end of 1930, I found some engineers of the Villar Perosa stopping at my hotel. They had come, at the invitation of the Soviet Government, to found a ball-bearing factory in Russia. They had set up their office in the hotel, and I recollect that to me, who for some months had been wandering about the vast Red realm, that hotel room, not adorned with icons of Lenin, with its non-Soviet taste in furnishing with its warm, well-ventilated atmosphere—so different from that of Bolshevik dwellings, gave the impression of a fragment of Italy, in which the temperature had fallen to —29° F.

On the table gleamed a steel ball-bearing model, used as a paper-weight, and this object at once attracted eyes and conversation.

They had come to Russia, where vestiges can still be found of Italian building activity, for the purpose of constructing factories; but I found that they were careful to elude any questions about the country and its régime. I was pleased with this reserve. It set out in clear relief the aptitude of our race, accustomed for centuries to go about the world, for the difficult arts of travelling and doing business in foreign lands. By their respect for local ideas and prejudices, by winning sympathy and entering into the life of institutions, customs and social classes, Italians are enabled not merely to do their country service by work well done, but to form by spontaneous observation judgments often nearer the truth than those contained in the reports, undoubtedly better worked up, but necessarily directed to political ends, of official representatives.

I was not, therefore, in the least surprised by Gaetano Ciocca's book, "Judgment on Bolshevism: How the Five Years' Plan has been carried out" (Bompiani, Milan), which has recently had such well-deserved success.

The author is the chief engineer of the Villar Perosa Mission, which I met in Moscow and to which had been assigned the task—a task splendidly carried out—of setting up in Russia one of the biggest establishments in the Five Years' Plan, one of the most important factories of ball-bearings in the world. His judgment on Bolshevism, the judgment of a man accustomed to follow Sigismondo Malatesta's motto, "*tempus tacendi tempus loquendi*," is really valuable, valuable not so much in itself, as for the person from whom it comes.

He adds little, in substance, to what other Italian travellers, in spite of the haste and superficiality inherent in their work as journalists, related at a time when, to many deluded people, within and without the U.S.S.R., the Bolshevik Industrial Plan was still a first-class mirage. In descriptions, deemed as fantastic as Marco Polo's, their predecessor in peregrinations through Georgia and Armenia, they told the same tale as Signor Ciocca does to-day. They gave the essential features of the Bolshevik régime, and brought out the mistakes, that were undermining the success of the gigantic industrial plan, then in process of execution. They came to precisely the same conclusions as Signor Ciocca in his acute, straightforward exposition.

* * * * *

What are those conclusions? Briefly, the following. The Bolshevik régime is not the carrying of Communist or Marxist (whichever you please) theories into effect; it is a form of State-capitalism, in which, as Signor Ciocca well says, *class-capitalism* takes the place of the traditional *caste-capitalism*. In Russia the State has been turned into a colossal producing joint-stock company. One day this company, with its formidable means,

exceeding those of any other industrial company in the world, set itself the task of attaining and surpassing, by a vast plan of industrialization, capitalist industrialism in equipment and production.

The plan was conceived on an impressively grandiose scale, and was technically perfect. Its sole defect was that, even if carried out in its entirety, it could not yield the results desired. In the first place, an industrial programme, even if limited to a period not excessively long, in this case five years, in times like ours when the invention and perfecting of a machine may revolutionize an industry or a whole series of industries, threatens to become out of date before it is born. Secondly, in the absence of an industrial tradition, industrialization cannot be improvized in five years as regards either managerial organization or the training of workpeople, particularly in a country where technicians and workpeople lack any aptitude for the adoption of American methods, the end wished for and intended by the ruling powers. Lastly, the chief difficulty in industrialization lies not in setting up factories, but in getting them to work, and in making them equal to changing technical needs, to the changing requirements of markets and foreign competition.

Foreign competition, even when not feared through the closing of frontiers, may make an article uneconomic, that costs less elsewhere.

Right from the outset the difficulties in the way became apparent. There was a lack of technicians, in the workpeople want of discipline, aggravated by alcoholism. An exceedingly complicated industrial office system hampered rapidity and development. Machines, imported from abroad, were used at times imperfectly, at other wastefully; frequently they remained unutilised, or did not meet the needs of the works to which they were assigned by the central organizations. Ineptitude existed from top to bottom. Rationalization was compromised by the predominance of statistical and economic standards in the management of the industries, and through the

absence of a really technical, organizing managerial body. The national resources of the Budget dried up; the execution of the Plan simply eats up money. The result was an industrial loan and the imitation of detested capitalistic methods with a view to the restoration of the authority of the technicians. Low production on the part of the hands was combated either by a seven-hours' day, or by the contract system, which raised them to ten or twelve, or by the application to wages of the Taylorian method (bashfully called "chronometry" in the U.S.S.R.), or by an appeal for foreign helpers.

Since the Five Years' Plan was completed December 31, 1932, with an advance of some months on the estimated time, in obedience to the formula "five years in four," and 1933, which should have seen the start of the second Five Years' Plan, has been proclaimed a year of concentrated effort on getting what had been completed going, it is possible to take stock.

What does Signor Ciocca tell us?

* * * * *

The Soviet factories, projected for the financial five years' period 1928–1933, and either erected or modernized between 1928 and 1933, have, through the standards of extreme specialization adopted in the Plan, taken on a static, sedentary character, in opposition to the dynamism required by the Plan, whose aim was aggressive competition.

The running-problem remains the most serious one in the existence of Soviet factories. This is not merely a theoretical problem, how far the State, without compromising or drying up the sources of production, can centre in itself all economic activity, and face even the risk of bankruptcy through the gigantic mass of industries to be run, but a tangle of more or less insoluble problems. The haste with which it was desired to carry out the process of industrialization, as though it were a question of beating a speed record, has had very costly results.

"Speed," says Signor Ciocca, "always costs dear, whether in the matter of organizing an industry or sending a telegram."

This shortness of time has affected even the works' schools. These, called upon to remedy inexperience on the part of the workpeople and the lack of industrial tradition, and lavishly provided by the factories with means for experiment and instruction, might have been of great assistance in overcoming initial difficulties and creating a suitable atmosphere in the works. But "machines, as they arrive, are taken possession of by curious, inexperienced workmen, who put them up and take them down, take them to pieces and put them together again, try them again and again, break them and are unable to repair them." "Production in industry," our author adds, "implies orderliness, methodicalness. . . . This you cannot attain by hasty, disorderly experiments. . . . The workpeople do not manufacture; they play about the furnace, the bench and the forge."

There is no administrative sense in Soviet factories. In a country where calculations are still performed by means of the Chinese abacus, accountancy is very approximative in point of exactitude and verification. The small debtor and creditor account of every workman coming into the works under the obligation of starting work at a given time and at a definite speed, as well as the registration of raw material coming in and the following of it throughout its journey through the works, are entries never closed in Soviet factories. The corresponding ledger entries are lacking.

The workpeople, for their part, detest the strictness of the administration, and despise the indirect police functions of the administrative side. "In Soviet factories gangs of workmen can be seen remaining idle for weeks on end. On paper everything had been arranged for their starting the work assigned to them on a certain day; in practice continuity in production has come up against some obstacle or other, e.g. the non-arrival of the raw

material." As a result their enthusiasm evaporates, they lose heart, find food for their own individual tendency to disorder in the disorder which they see everywhere about them, and are moved " to despise the engineers, who are unable to do their duty, and vent their feelings in caricatures on the newspapers on the walls, against the technical office, which fails to supply designs, against the plans office, which fails to distribute work, against diminishing output and increasing rejections. Administrative anarchy tends to spread with the increase in the activity of the factory—the very reverse of what was aimed at, viz. that, as output increased, so should it increase in regularity." This disorder is gaining every branch of administration.

In these conditions the masses waver between their innate sense of discipline and their natural tendency to indifference.

The internal difficulties, common to all Soviet factories, are increased and multiplied by the relations of interdependence existing among them. Deficiency, in quality and quantity, in the aggregate output of the industries has its repercussions on means for work and on labour, resulting in continual reductions and suspensions of work and in migrations of whole phalanxes of workpeople. In Moscow these immigrants total hundreds of thousands in the year, and weigh so heavily on the city resources that resort has had to be had to forced repatriations.

To these difficulties must be added the more serious ones of commercial relations with foreign countries. According to the original programme imports, in the form of machines, plant, loans of labour, were to be balanced by the export of raw and finished material. But, as Signor Ciocca says, " the supply of articles available for exportation depends upon the degree of production attained at home. The necessity for importation depends upon the extent to which the articles imported are utilized. Machines, which cannot be made to go, or

which require the aid of foreign specialists to keep them in an efficient state, are deadweights in the balance of international trade." The scanty output of the Plan limits the possibility of exportation, while increasing the necessity of importation.

These difficulties, the author tells us, have been aggravated by the economic crisis, which caught Russia in the full swing of organization and at the end of her resources. In his opinion the threats of Soviet dumping are fading away. His grounds are, that for dumping it is not sufficient to invade foreign markets with your own products, the home market must also be closed to the foreigner. This the Soviet Government, under the pressure of payments falling due and machines urgently required, cannot do.

The results of the Five Years' Plan, as given by Signor Ciocca, confirm the forecasts of other students of the Russia problem. Still his testimony is of indisputable value, as being that of a highly qualified man, who has lived long in Russia, has given highly appreciated assistance in carrying out the Plan, and cannot be accused of exaggeration or political prejudice, the accusations generally made in the U.S.S.R. against criticisms from outside. It is therefore to be hoped that the Bolshevik authorities will ponder over his dispassionate, documented judgment and not reject it *a priori*. A curious feature in the Bolshevik rulers is the touchiness and xenophobia they display at outside criticism, while encouraging and provoking it, on industrial matters, at home, as a means for preventing their work from being sterilized by indifference.

One of the most valuable features of the book, to my mind, is its union of objective analysis and a deep sense of humanity.

The chapter on the penury of the State, in which the author describes the degree of impoverishment, hardship and sacrifice to which the population of the U.S.S.R. is reduced, is written without polemical ends and not with a

view to showing the fallaciousness of theories and methods which are self-destructive. It shows a heart on which the innumerable, atrocious sufferings of so many human beings have left an ineffaceable trace of horror and compassion.

The U.S.S.R., the richest joint-stock company ever formed, is hungry. The population lives huddled promiscuously in dwellings that are a defiance to every rule of hygiene and to the lowest standard of living. Cottages in the suburbs house three, four and five families. I myself have seen, outside the big towns, holes, dug in the bare earth and covered with shreds of curtains and sheets from oil-cans, utilized as dwellings.

The scarcity of clothing and furniture is appalling. The breaking of a glass or a window is an irreparable disaster, on account of the impossibility of replacement. A sensation of precariousness, the nightmare that he may lose the wherewithal to live, dog the Soviet citizen like a shadow. At any moment he may be thrown out of work and go back to the starving crowd.

People have to remain whole nights in the open air to get a food-ticket. "Winter is the terrible enemy, that makes the table barer and barer, undermines the health of the population, and stamps on faces the marks of malnutrition—pallor, somnolence, listlessness."

State shops, or rather huge stores, abound in the big towns, but their activity is more apparent than real. Prices are out of reach, and by the side of an abundance of superfluous articles, there is a lack of necessaries, particularly of boots and clothing material. Money circulates freely, as the need of everything is great, but the lack of articles is such that trade in old, cast-off clothes (even the State joins in it) is the rule, and gives an unforgettable impression of poverty.

This penury does not spare State administration and public services. Despite the gigantic bureaucracy and the vast, complex machine to be run, there is a lack of offices. The railways are fighting against lack of staff,

of plant, of grants to keep the old rolling-stock alive; they cannot give uniforms to the staff, look after the lighting of the carriages or keep them clean. There is great shortness of staff in the postal, telegraph and telephone services. Tramcars and tram-lines are insufficient in number and in a precarious state. Public motor vehicles are in very bad condition and can be counted on your fingers. Motor-buses continue to run after going continuously over 375,000 to 430,000 miles. Everywhere you find dearth of means, entailing excessive, uneconomic wear and tear upon those still existing. Upkeep is deficient, repairs are neglected, and the result is seen in the derelict state of the houses. In a land where it is impossible to find someone to do the washing and ironing, to mend a suit of clothes or re-sole a pair of shoes, the difficulty of conservation is added to that of purchasing.

A strange state of poverty, which enjoys the theatre and a holiday, even without a shelter, but has not the means to slake its hunger or to clothe itself!

"Before the first accounts," says Signor Ciocca, "of the U.S.S.R. Joint-Stock Company can be closed, a considerable time will elapse, during which the country will remain poor in expectation of riches."

Yet this is not his only conclusion. He well remarks that the U.S.S.R. cannot turn back. Without external intervention the revolutionary cycle cannot be closed by a return to an antiquated form of government, out of harmony with the requirements of modern civilization. Between this eventuality and failure, which can be foreseen, the only means of salvation for the Russian Revolution lies in staying its course on the road to industrialization, viewed as a means for world domination (a road that may prove as fatal to it as that of Constantinople did to Czardom), in abandoning theories that have been condemned by experience, in giving up Communist ideals and State-capitalism, and in drawing from the forces still remaining to it the possibility of modelling the State on the corporate example of Rome. The

overcoming of economic Liberalism constitutes a point of affinity between Italy and Russia, and it would be a grave error on the part of the Bolshevists not to avail themselves of it in time.

The polemics, which last century raged between free-traders and protectionists, are now out of date. On one point Italy and Russia are in agreement; the State cannot ignore economics, which form its life-blood, nor can it shut itself up in a deadly economic agnosticism. The problem is, to see how the economic activity of the State can be so developed as to tame and placate "the Furies of private interests," as Vico says. The way to follow is shown on the one hand by the *negative* results of the three phases, into which the doctrinaires of Moscow divide the history of the Revolution: the period of combat, the period of restoration or endeavour to bring production back to pre-war levels (extending for industry to 1926, for agriculture to 1928), and the period of Socialist construction, marked by the completion of the Five Years' Plan (1928–33); on the other by the *positive* results of the Fascist Corporate State. Will Moscow follow it?*

* A young writer, Renzo Bertoni, in his book "Il Trionfo del Fascismo nel U.R.S.S." (Signorelli, Rome) is full of faith in such a possible outcome. A similar development was outlined by me in 1928 in my book, "La Costituzione Russa" (Le Monnier, Florence).

Surprising Orientals

By Sir Harry Luke, C.M.G.

[*Parts I, II, and III of this series appeared in the February number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

IV.—"'ERE, MISS."

It was in the late autumn of 1928, and I had been on a visit of inspection to Aqaba. The Red Sea, shaped rather like a slug, culminates, as do those creatures, in two horns or feelers, and at the end of the easternmost of these is the decayed township of Aqaba, now little more than the geographical point upon which the four territories of Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan and Saudi Arabia converge. I had flown from Amman to Ma'an, had there transferred into a Morris six-wheeled tourer, and had then dropped from the great Syrian plateau a full 3,000 feet down to the Khizmeh, a gigantic circular plain or saucer bounded by the limestone walls of the plateau. In the middle of this circle is the Police post of al-Ghuweira, where we halted to explore the fantastically shaped mountains of brilliantly coloured sandstone—purple, deep red, pink, saffron and pale yellow—which rise abruptly from the floor of the saucer. We then proceeded on to Aqaba through the dark, tortured, hideous valley of confused and twisted granite, brown and green, which is appropriately known as the Wadi Atm, the Valley of Darkness.

At dawn on the 23rd October we crawled out of our flea-bags on the pier of Aqaba and retraced our steps through the sinister cleft of the Wadi Atm. But shortly before reaching al-Ghuweira we turned south-east, followed by our escort of armoured cars and R.A.F. tenders, into that Wadi Rûm of which Lawrence has a good deal to say in *Revolt in the Desert*. For a while the going over the hard surface of sand and flint in this almost unknown tract of desert was excellent, and I thought how suitable some of its stretches of valley

between the low hills, flat as a pancake and smooth as a billiard-table, would be for the speed trials of racing cars. But after a while the country became more broken and the going more heavy, and the armoured cars stuck in the sand and had to be left behind. Our objective was Mudawwara, one of the stations on the Hejaz railway, derelict since Buxton and his Camel Corps played havoc with it in August, 1918. The distance from Aqaba to Mudawwara is not more than 120 miles, but the journey took us something over 12 hours and we did not reach the remains of the station until 5 p.m. We had previously halted at the well to which Lawrence rode in 1917 and described thus :—

> " It was an open pool, a few yards square, in a hollow valley of large stone-slabs and flint and sand. The stagnant water looked uninviting. Over its face lay a thick mantle of green slime, from which swelled curious bladder-islands of floating fatty pink. The Arabs explained that the Turks had thrown dead camels into the pool to make the water foul; but that time had passed and the effect was grown faint. It would have been fainter had the criterion of their effort been my taste.
>
> Yet it was all the drink we should get up here unless we took Mudawwara, so we set to and filled our waterskins. One of the Howeitat, while helping in this, slipped off the wet edge into the water. Its green carpet closed oilily over his head and hid him for an instant; then he came up, gasping vigorously, and scrambled out amid our laughter; leaving behind him a black hole in the scum from which a stench of old meat rose like a visible pillar, and hung about us and him and the valley, disconcertingly."

The well was exactly like this when we saw it eleven years later, except that we had the additional experience of finding the rotting carcase of a camel half in and half out of the water. Fortunately, unlike Lawrence and his companions, we had no need to drink the reeking slime.

A hundred yards or so to the west of the pool we encountered the first human beings we had seen since we left al-Ghuweira : a young Bedu woman with two children, looking at us with a mixture of curiosity and fear in which each emotion alternated with the other for the mastery.

She could not have been more than 20 years old, but she was emaciated and indescribably dirty. Her one garment, the long Bedu robe of dusty black trailing on the ground, had a rent all down one side, through which one could see her skinny, unwashed body; her urchins were quite naked. There were no signs of her men-folk, or of a tent, or of animals, and she brought home to me, more than any other Bedu I have seen before or since, the inexplicableness of the lives of these lone wanderers. A Bedu encampment in the desert, a Bedu tribe on the march or pasturing their camels in a wilderness, however remote, are perfectly comprehensible phenomena; what is difficult to visualize is the existence of isolated groups of twos and threes in these vast wastes without apparent contacts with their kindred. It is rather like meeting a solitary bird in mid-Atlantic.

The girl was, as I have said, shy, frightened, sullen, *méfiante*, but she was also curious and probably hungry. We offered her food, but she would not come near us, so we put together some bully-beef and bread in her sight and gave it to a sergeant in one of the tenders to take to her. At first I laughed to hear him address this wild, half naked *bint* with an " 'ere, Miss," but then I reflected that without a knowledge of Arabic there was really nothing else he could have said, unless he had changed the " Miss " into a " Missis " in recognition of her maternity. Finally, as she persisted in backing away from us, he threw the parcel in her direction and, as we moved off, I caught a furtive attempt at a smile and a gleam of white teeth lighting up for a moment that gaunt, begrimed, yet not ill-looking face.

How dreadful such an existence as hers must seem to us: never a bellyful, constant and acute hardship, bearing and rearing her children amid the sand and thorns of a singularly uninviting desert, without shelter other than that afforded by a wisp of black goat-hair cloth in weather conditions that range from one unpleasant extreme to the other. I have sometimes

wondered, recalling the incident, if that young creature derived any satisfaction from her life, have speculated as to the compensations she could have found for an existence of unmitigated discomfort on the borderline of starvation.

V.—The Corpse.

In the year 655 A.D. there succeeded as fourth Khalif to the headship of Islam, hitherto undivided, the Prophet's son-in-law Ali, who was destined to be the rock upon which Mohammedanism split into its two principal divisions of Sunni and Shiah. Six years later, Ali was murdered, after a reign that was almost wholly occupied with civil war; and his principal opponent, Muawiya, taking away the power not only from the Prophet's immediate family but also from Mecca, established himself as Khalif in Damascus. For the ensuing 89 years the dynasty founded by Muawiya, which is known by the name of Omayyad, maintained itself in the Syrian capital, become for the time being the political centre of gravity of the Moslem world.

These were still the early days of Islam, and the Moslem rulers had not yet quite accustomed themselves to being dwellers in cities. It is true that the Omayyad Khalifs took not unkindly to the change. Luxury, indulgence and *Syra mollities* reigned at the Court of Damascus in the place of the primeval simplicity of the desert; the patriarchal administration of the first three Khalifs disappeared before the mass of new political and economic questions brought into being by the extension of the Empire. The Khalifs often ignored the religious side of their office, even toying at times with religious liberalism and free thought; the proselytism of Christians was discouraged, partly owing to the Khalifs' toleration, still more, perhaps, because of the additional taxes which were paid by non-Moslems.

Yet at times, in the midst of their splendour, their soft lives, their new and pleasant preoccupations, the Omayyads felt an urge to return, if only for a while, to the

simple desert life of their race, experienced what nowadays would be called in a film caption " the Call of the Wild." So for a few weeks in the spring of the year they would leave their silken capital, with its rivers and palaces and its girdle of fruit trees, for the desert east of what is now Transjordan, where they would forget the cares of state in hunting the gazelle. It is a bare and stony desert, hard, austere and in sharp contrast to the exuberance of the Damascene oasis; and it gave those pampered oriental monarchs, in whose inmost being there still flickered a spark of the nomad instinct, that sort of mental and spiritual purge which the pampered European of to-day obtains, on the physical plane, by means of his annual cure at Carlsbad.

Examples of Omayyad architecture are relatively rare. There are the two outstanding specimens, on the grand scale, of the Dome of the Rock—one of the world's loveliest buildings—in Jerusalem and the great Omayyad Mosque in Damascus; but the vicissitudes of history have brought it about that there is a blank in the surviving works of Moslem architecture in the lands between the Jordan and the Mediterranean of no fewer than five centuries after the Omayyad Abd al-Melek ibn Marwan founded the Dome of the Rock in 687. East of the Jordan it is somewhat different: there the masters of Damascus have left the four castles of Kharana, Tuba, Hammam Sarakh and, above all, Quseir Amra as the records of their spring outings beyond " the sown." I have called them castles, but country houses or, better, hunting lodges would be more appropriate terms. It is the influence of Damascus that caused these little buildings to be constructed of stone instead of camel hair, and it was the same influence, presumably, that made a bath-house one of their essential features.

Now the principles of Islam have generally been, until latterly, fairly strict in discountenancing the reproduction of the human form in art. On the other hand the Omayyads derived much of their artistic inspiration, as

well as many, no doubt, of their artists, from the great Christian city of Antioch, the metropolis of Syria, where, at the time of which we are speaking, it was still possible for Christianity to co-exist with the traditions and manifestations of the pagan art of classical antiquity. Out in this God-forsaken desert the Khalif Walid I. probably thought he would escape the criticisms of the John Knoxes of the day if he embellished his holiday bungalow with the charming and even suggestive, paintings of his artists from the wicked, infidel but brilliant, city on the Orontes. It is surprising enough, after flying over and motoring across mile upon mile of trackless, forbidding desert, to light upon these isolated buildings, these forlorn and only recently re-discovered examples of a rare and venerable art. It was yet more surprising, on exploring Quseir Amra, to find the bath-chamber decorated with frescoes, obviously by a Christian hand. One of these depicts the Khalif with his defeated enemies the Byzantine Emperor, Roderick, the last Visigothic King of Spain, the Persian Chosroes and the ruler of Abyssinia; and, if the stricter among his Imams ever saw it, their disapproval might have been tempered by satisfaction at the widespread conquests of their master. They would have found it more difficult to justify the contemplation by the Commander of the Faithful of pictures of the Muses, and of certain other ladies, we will suppose likewise mythological, who are yet more scantily clad, even if Creswell is* correct in attributing the movement in Islam to prohibit the representation of the living form in art to the latter part of the eighth century, that is to say, after the time of Walid I.

But another surprise awaited me. Penetrating into an inner room, into which the light filtered faintly through a small hole in the vaulting, I saw lying on the ground a grey elongated figure. Closer approach revealed it to be a dead Bedu in his shroud; yet closer, that he must have been there for several months.

* In Part I of his monumental work on *Early Muslim Architecture*, Oxford, 1932, pp. 270-1.

I was anxious to suggest to the Amir's Government that certain repairs, very necessary as I thought, should be carried out to the building, in particular that an iron grille should be affixed to the entrance and that some stones which had been picked out of the lower courses, presumably so that the Beduin could the more easily enter with their dead, should be replaced. But I was advised that this would probably lead only to greater damage on the part of the Beduin, who evidently regard the pleasure-house of the Khalif as a convenient mausoleum for themselves.

At Nineveh, on the eastern bank of the Tigris over against Mosul, a body, believed to be the Prophet Jonah and actually a 13th century Nestorian Patriarch called John the Lame, surmounts in a shrine of great sanctity in Moslem eyes the site of Esarhaddon's palace, and is the innocent obstacle to the excavation of what must have been one of the greatest architectural efforts of the Assyrian Empire. Here it is no Prophet or Patriarch, it is the corpse of a nameless nomad, that prevents the repair of one of the strangest and least known examples of early Moslem art.

VI.—The Discovery of the Tomb of Moses.

To those who accept the truth of the last ten words of Deuteronomy, xxxiv, 6, the Moslems of Palestine now form an emphatic exception. They may not always have formed an exception in this respect. There may have been a time—so much of the Old Testament having been adopted, and adapted, by Moslems generally—when all of them were prepared to subscribe to that item of revealed intelligence. But some began to display doubts about it towards the end of the twelfth century, when Saladin or, according to others, about the year 1270, when the Mamluk Sultan Baibars, promoted a small domed shrine about three miles to the south of Jericho on the western side of Jordan, commemorating some obscure Mohammedan worthy, to be the tomb of the great Hebrew lawgiver. Rejection became definite in the nineteenth

century when the Turkish rulers of Palestine, taking notice of the circumstance that the Moslems, always in a minority in Jerusalem, were especially outnumbered at Easter time owing to the influx of the Christian pilgrims, decided to redress the balance by organizing a corresponding Islamic influx. For this purpose every good Palestinian Mohammedan had his attention directed to Moses in his Moslem capacity of Nebi Musa, and he was encouraged to make a pilgrimage to the tomb near Jericho, which was now enclosed within substantial stone buildings containing kitchens, stables and accommodation for a great number of visitors. For the same purpose the duration of the pilgrimage was extended over a week and its date was determined, without any attempt at dissimulation, by the Orthodox Kalendar, beginning on the Friday before Good Friday and ending on Maundy Thursday.

We observe from the history of such cities as Nineveh and Baghdad that Mesopotamian towns have a tendency to move from one side of the river on which they are situated to the other; the same tendency seems, if we are to accept this Palestinian Moslem tradition, to be shared by Major, and even Minor Hebrew Prophets. Jonah and Nahum, for example, have crossed, after their first burial, not only the Jordan but the Euphrates and Tigris as well; and Deuteronomy, xxxiv, 6, if inconclusive in part, is at least definite as to Moses being buried on the eastern side of Jordan. Still, Moses has done stranger things than to cross, even posthumously, a trickle like the Jordan. Thus, is it not remarkable that he, who is I suppose more responsible than any other single individual for the Feast of the Passover, the descendant of which is the Feast of Easter, should be the personage to provide the counter-demonstration to Easter in Palestine to-day? Such a cycle must have delighted, should it ever have occurred to him, that eminent political philosopher, the late Monsieur Fustel de Coulanges.

Another and even more startling paradox afforded by the Nebi Musa celebrations is that the participants in the festival, who would hardly claim to be ranked as Zionists, seem quite oblivious, in their enthusiasm for Nebi Musa, of his outstanding achievement, namely, that he brought the Jews to Palestine.

The march from Jerusalem to the tomb, from the Mount of Olives, where the procession is sped on its way by the authorities, to the torrid Jordan valley, is a long and dreary one; and the pilgrims, inclined at the outset to be fanatical and *farouche*, have most of the wildness taken out of them by the wearisome trudge through the wilderness of Judaea. By the time they reach their destination tension is relaxed and they are quite prepared to cease being grim religious devotees in order to become a crowd of happy holiday-makers. Having got to the shrine they are ready to eat and make merry, to enjoy the delights of fortune-telling, sword-dancing, tumbling and similar *fantasias*. Among the "events" of the celebrations is included the circumcision of those of their boys who are of the proper age, for which purpose both the time and the place are deemed to be suitable. This ceremony is the only feature of the pilgrimage, so far as I have been able to discover, that appears to have any connection whatever with the tutelary spirit of the shrine. And even here I am inclined to think that the connection is fortuitous.

But you can never be sure. There is no limit to what the occupants of these Eastern shrines can do, or to what is expected of them. In the third decade of the twentieth century the Public Works Department of the Palestine Government repaired the decaying tomb, which had architectural merits, of a Moslem saint in the neighbourhood of Beersheba. The repairs effected, the usual certificate that the work had been satisfactorily completed was forwarded, through the District Officer, "for the signature of the occupant!"

(To be continued.)

Dead Man's Plaque

By Patry Williams

A CURSED spot where no green thing will grow: the treeless scar of Dead Man's Plaque in the forest of Harewood by Andover.

It was very quiet as the dusk gathered in the great hall at Doles. Ethelwold the earl was away with the King and the court.

At the end of the hall near the door the serving men were gathered, waiting for the evening meal. Round the hearth the women were at their spindles; their glances straying to the dais where the candlelight showed Elfrith, the earl's wife, at chess with her old father, Ordgar. They whispered together that it was strange that Earl Ethelwold kept her shut up at Doles. As the wife of the King's favourite and foster-brother, she should fill a high place at court; and Doles—well, Doles was buried in the country, and for this long time had seen no company. The Lady Elfrith, like a lovely jewel shut away from the light, was growing pale and lifeless.

Old Ordgar was losing the game; shaking his head, but smiling at the board on the silver-inlaid table between him and Elfrith. So long as it was his daughter to whom he lost he did not mind; he thought the world of her wit, and of her beauty, and her fine courage in speaking her mind. Ever since she was a child she had ruled him; and his lands through him, from Frome to Exeter. Men had said then that she was too self-willed, and that Ordgar was laying up trouble for himself and for others than himself; and then, seeing her, fell under the spell of that sudden smile of hers, and were lost to wisdom.

Suddenly Elfrith threw up her head, and the great Irish hound, dozing at her feet, sprang forward baying. The door at the far end of the hall burst open. Old Ordgar was on his feet; the table spinning floorwards, scattering the ivory pieces. Ethelwold the earl strode into the hall, and up its length; silencing the hubbub amongst the servants at the door; scarcely greeting old

Ordgar; barking an order over his shoulder: "The King will be here in an hour, Godric. Make ready. Elfrith!"

Elfrith had no mind to follow him because he bade her. If he was great, so was she in her own right. Let him keep that in mind. But his manner pricked her curiosity; also she must dress herself to meet the King. The—King! After all these months of rotting in this deadly hole! Men said that Edgar loved beauty in women even more than most men. Elfrith hummed an old ballad as she followed her husband up the steep, winding stair to her room. Edgar the King was gay, and young; young—young—young. What gown should she put on?

Ethelwold flung the door to behind them. But she did not want loverings now. She wanted to dress and have her hair decked. The silver embroidered coverlet on her bed was strewed with rich gowns laid out by her women for her to choose from; for old Ordgar loved to see her richly clad.

"Why are you prinked out like this?" Ethelwold's voice rasped.

She swung round. Her hands went to the folds of her gauze wimple, then to the curls on her temples. She looked blankly at the rich changing silk of her tunic. "Like this? You have seen this many times," she said vaguely; and then in sudden temper: "Is that all a loving husband finds to say after five months away?"

"Oh-h!" He made a movement as though he would have struck her; but checked himself, and spoke softly: "Later, my sweet, when the fuss is over. But now . . . Elfrith, time's short, and my life's in danger."

"Your life?"

"Yes. And you can save it."

"Tell me how."

But he only gulped and mumbled, though he knew she was no coward.

"Have you angered the King?" The fear left her eyes, and she smiled. "Perhaps your wife can help if it is only that."

"God forbid! That's the last thing. That's the very thing . . ."

Elfrith stamped her foot. "If you won't tell me, how can I help? I'll get ready for the King's coming."

He caught hold of her; flung her down roughly on the bed and stood over her. "If you hadn't been so lovely," he said between his teeth, "I shouldn't be where I am now. It was for you I betrayed the King—my best friend. It's you that are to blame; not me."

She sat up, and again her hands went to the folds of her wimple, disordered now. "What is all this about?"

"You have been too beautiful, Elfrith." He looked down at her sombrely. "When that's said, all's said. Listen! You are to stay up here. Take off these," touching her rich silks, "and if the King comes to find you, as he may, draw down your wimple about your face. Pretend to be shy and gawky, so that he can't guess your charm. Hang your head so that he may not know you carry yourself like a queen. You must do all this to save my life, Elfrith."

Elfrith, looking at him, said nothing.

He flung himself on his knees by the bedside; held her and kissed her till she lay weak in his arms. "What I have done I have done for love of you," he said. "I worship you." And as she looked at him, softening, he plunged into stumbling hurried speech. "The King heard of your beauty. He tracks beauty like a sleuth hound, Edgar. Oh, the monks cry his praises; but has it got round to them yet what happened at Wilton last year? Wulfrith the nun with child by Edgar."

"Ethelwold!"

"It's true. That's the sort of man Edgar is. He sent me, that first time I came to you, to see if you were as beautiful as was said; and whether your bearing, and . . . everything, fitted you to be Lady of England."

"Lady—of—England?" She raised herself on her elbow.

"When I saw you I loved you myself. Edgar was

my friend from childhood; brought up with me and my brothers; but I couldn't fight against your beauty. I told him that it was only your riches had won you fame. And later I told him that though you were not fit for him, I thought you were for me."

"Not *fit* for him?" Her head lifted, and her eyes, as she looked at him, had a strange light in them. "My mother was of royal birth."

"I had to say something, hadn't I?" he roared. "And that made him willing for our marriage. But now, God knows what he has heard. At Wilton he said suddenly he would come and see you himself. Well . . . come and see our child, he said. His duty as a godfather, he said; and laughed. *Godfather*, he said again; and all the while his eyes were piercing me. I asked him to be godfather because it would put him and you within the banned degrees of the church. That's the whole truth. And for my life and your honour, Elfrith, you must do as I say."

Elfrith got up slowly, and faced him. "You lied to the King, your foster-brother. . . ."

"To win you."

". . . who trusted you, and called you friend."

"Your beauty maddened me."

"And for this I have been kept prisoner here; eating my heart out alone among these country louts."

"For your safety. Don't you understand? I tell you, your beauty maddened me."

"And by and by it will be someone else's beauty that will madden you. Then you will betray me, as you have betrayed the King."

He raged up and down the room, and swore that he would not; that he loved only her, and always would. That he could not sleep for desire of her; that she went to men's heads like strong wine. And cried to her again that his love had been his undoing; and raged about the room again, because she only looked at him with steady eyes and said nothing.

At last: "I will stay in the women's rooms," she said.

But when he would have kissed her again and held her, she turned away and opened the door into the inner room. So he had to be content with that; and was, for the moment, for his fear was eased; and went below stairs to make ready for the King's coming.

Elfrith, in the women's room, went to the wooden cot which stood by the door. Her face was so beautiful as she leaned over her sleeping child that her women, watching her, crossed themselves. For the devil would surely do his best to win one of the loveliest of God's creatures to himself.

Then Elfrith drew herself upright, and went and sat near the window. This was the sign for the women to start dressing her hair; curling it with hot irons; and that done, putting colour on her cheeks, lightly.

From the court yard below came the sound of horses' hooves, and men calling. At summons from Ethelwold, the country thanes were riding in to meet the King, and feast at Doles. Below stairs, too, there were sounds of flurry and bustle. Elfrith could picture what was going on. The big hall humming like a summer hive. Slaves sweeping the rushes from the floor; strewing fresh ones; shaking the rich needlework hangings on the walls; beating the cushions on the costly carved trestle chairs. Then they would spread the long tables with fine white napery, and lay out platters and knives of silver, and chased gold drinking cups; and hurry to put fresh candles in the branched silver candelabra.

Her women, peeping from the window, whispered together about the latest-come thane and his lady, and how they were dressed; but beneath their breath, seeing that Elfrith was in angry mood. And, indeed, she was; her lips set and her eyes dark with thought. What Ethelwold had said could only mean that so long as the King lived, she would be shut up; away from the court; away from everyone who might speak of her to the King.

And perhaps, if Ethelwold's fear of the King grew, perhaps even her life would not be safe. Would Ethelwold, who had cheated the King, his foster-brother, stop short of that? Would Ethelwold, who had come whining to her for help, stop short of that? Men feared Edgar. She could well imagine something of the talk and flutter which must be going on below stairs. It was not only Ethelwold who would be gnawing his nails. What sort of faces would the easy-going married clergy be wearing? It was known that Edgar favoured the Benedictines. And what of the thanes, with tithes unpaid, and hundred courts neglected? Men said that the King looked into everything himself in his royal journeyings, and left nothing to hearsay. She smiled.

There was silence in the great hall now, and the trampling of many feet in the courtyard. That would be Ethelwold, followed by all his thanes in order of their rank, going out to the gateway to meet the King. All his retainers, in order of their rank, too, to show what state the Lord of Doles could keep. Not greater than her father's; remember that, Ethelwold. The smith, the ploughman, the herdsman, the hay-ward, the bee-ward, the hog-ward; the free-born servants; the slaves. But no more than her father could muster at Tavistock.

She chose between her gowns; picking out a rose silk robe and tunic, sewn with pearls. She would not show herself, since she had given her word to Ethelwold; but it would be no fault of hers if the King had a mind to see her in the women's room.

They were so busy, what with dressing her, and she with being dressed and looking at herself in the silver mirror, and the baby waking and crying, that the cavalcade was in the courtyard, bits and stirrups jingling, men running hither and thither shouting, before they knew the King was come.

The women were pushing one another aside from the narrow window, and Elfrith stormed at them. What would the King think of them? Turning themselves

into peepjacks! Behaving like common strumpets! Angry; because she was longing to look herself.

And then the stir and bustle was within the house; echoing up from the hall. The King and all the company were making merry; and she, Elfrith, who had rotted here for months on end, seeing no one—she, the lady of the house—must sit here alone and listen from afar.

Footsteps were mounting the stairs; there were voices in the next room. The King would be washing off the dust of travel in the great bronze basin filled to the brim. Then he would change for the feast. What did he look like; Edgar, the handsome brilliant King? Edgar, who owed his throne to her kinsman, Aelfhere of the Mercians. Yes; he did. When England was torn by factions, it had been Aelfhere who had taken the boy Edgar from his brother Edwy's court, and raising the men of Mercia, had set him over them; soon after, over all England. Aelfhere her cousin had done that; and Ethelwold, whose father had fled to the monastery at Glastonbury for covert, had dared to say that she, Elfrith, was not fit to be Edgar's lady.

A voice was speaking in the next room; gay and clear and firm. That must be the King.

Suddenly the door of her room was thrown open, and Ethelwold stood to one side with bent head. Elfrith got up hastily, pulling her wimple about her face, and bent her knee; saw from under the wimple the brave swing of a new-fashioned full tunic, cloak unbrooched and thrown back, feet that trod firmly in soft leather boots. A hand lifted her wimple, and whether she would or no, she was looking into the King's eyes, and he into hers. And suddenly he was smiling; and stooped, making a jest that she was his "commère"; and kissed her. And looked at her again, dazed, his breath coming hard. Then drew himself upright, and was again that King who knew his own mind, and would be obeyed.

"So Ethelwold would hide his greatest treasure from me," he said lightly. "That's not brotherly." And

then, his foot tapping the floor. "Shall I send my leech to you? Not that you look ill, but to ease Ethelwold's mind. He thinks you not well enough to come down. What do you say, Elfrith?"

"I . . . my husband is overcareful."

"He could not be that."

She looked up at him quickly; but his smiling eyes told nothing.

"You will sit on my right hand at dinner, Elfrith."

Gyric, the King's mass priest, said grace, and read a portion of scripture; a short portion, for it would have been sin to let so good a meal spoil in the waiting. The hall glowed with light from the many candles. Colour of embroidered hangings mingled and melted with colour of tunics. Jewelled brooches flashed; golden torques and bracelets glinted red in the darting flame from the logs.

The long tables were set and heaped with food, and still the servants running between hall and kitchen brought more and more dishes to pile up the feast; and the butlers, walking carefully, bore huge bowls of spiced wine from the cellar; and the cup thanes filled oxhorns with mead, and golden cups to the brim with red wine from Rouen. The sons of the thanes carried choice joints and roast birds on spits from the hearth, offering them to the King, kneeling; then to Ordgar and the others at the high table.

Old Ordgar looked on, well pleased. He liked people to see what state his son-in-law could hold, and how lovely Elfrith was. Had she and her husband fallen out upstairs? Ethelwold looked glum.

The King was interested in everything; disturbingly so. He seemed to know about each happening before it was told him. His keen blue eyes took in everyone, and summed them up. Yet all the while Elfrith, sitting next to him, knew that his chief interest and thought were for

her. But he masked this skilfully, as though he and she shared it as a secret, with a whispered word, a glance.

The rest of the company were too busy wolfing down food to see much beyond their platters. Ethelwold answered questions absently, and chewed his moustache till his neighbours to right and left asked him why he spent his time so ill. And hearing this, Edgar looked at Ethelwold, and twitted him with his silence; and then: "With your lady's leave I shall stay awhile at Doles, Ethelwold."

And Ethelwold could only say how honoured he would be, though he looked like a man on the edge of jaundice.

The King laughed, and said there must be magic in the air of Doles, since it could make plain women beautiful; and then turned back to Elfrith. And when Elfrith drank with him he kissed her as was the custom; but there was nothing of custom in the kiss he gave her. And Ethelwold sat there with his eyes flickering to and fro, and his fingers fumbling at his mouth.

Presently Elfrith got up to go; but the King was on his feet in a moment, his hand stretched out to bar her way, his eyes questioning hers, appealing, commanding.

For answer her look swept the tables.

Spilt wine; spilt food; greasy faces; blurred eyes; and lips that gaped, senile, slobbering on to tunics already stained. Hot arguments rose to drop into an undertone as some one or other remembered the presence of the King. Here and there a man lolled sleeping in his chair, propped by his neighbour, who, moving—a great joke this—let his heavy head crash on the table. Away from the King's high seat, men spat on the table, and dogs were sick under it; dogs and men together, for here and there a chair was empty, and a man lay on the floor.

The King smiled a little, and sighed a little; and then, with a glance at Ethelwold: "Which is the worse, Elfrith? A traitor to himself, or to his King?"

"To his Ki . . ."

"Why break off? It's the answer of a loyal heart."

"I must go," she muttered.

And he let her go, with a: "Till to-morrow, then, Elfrith." And sat down again, smiling. She was aloof, this proud lady. No easy victory lay to his hand.

And then the talk went—sad talk to follow a feast—to the payment of hearth-pennies, and the trouble the folk gave the King's reeves. Ordgar still kept a tot of reason in his head; and he tried to edge the King off these unwelcome subjects to the safe ground of old battles, and the great fighter he had been; and beckoned the gleemen to come near and begin their singing and juggling. But Edgar would have none of it, and started to question him about his own shire. When had the last shire-moot been held? Had he been present? Had each hundred duly sent its twelve good men, and each township its reeve and four men? Was Ordgar seeing to it that justice was done, and the poor not overtaxed? Was the bishop present at the last shire-moot? His long fingers, which men said were so strong, toying with his cup. "I have laid that down," he said, "so that the people shall be well taught in the laws of God as well as in the laws of the land. See that it is done."

Ordgar boggled badly over his answers, not being too sure about any laws without Elfrith at his elbow.

"Are you for putting monks or 'clerks' at your new monastery at Tavistock?" asked the King.

Ordgar, with a none too friendly look at the tonsured clerics present, turned this off into a grumble about the money the building was costing him.

And then the King looked slowly round the hall. Ordgar followed his glance uneasily, as it rested on silken hangings, silver candlesticks, cups of silver and gold; all the signs of wealth. Did the King know, with that cursed way of his of knowing everything, how much of this was Elfrith's marriage portion?

"Money!" said the King. "And how could you spend it better than in founding a monastery? Have you

never heard the counsel given by Egbert the archbishop to our forefathers? ' Let him that collecteth immoderate wealth, *for his want of wisdom*, give the third part to the poor. *For his want of wisdom* '; eh, Ordgar? "

* * * *

Edgar stayed on at Doles in the fair spring weather. His vigour left all the chief men of the shire gaping. They never knew what he would be looking into next. The married priests rushed about their business as though the devil himself were behind them. The King was asking how they carried out their duties—and what of the teaching in the schools—and what were their private lives? Archbishop Dunstan was back of that, of course.

The young thanes sniggered behind Ethelwold's back, and talked of Elfrith's beauty. Ethelwold tried to cover his dread with smiles. The King was velvet soft with him. " Where could I be happier than in the home of my faithful brother, Ethelwold? " And then: " The air of Doles has not worked its magic on you, poor Ethelwold. You look leaner than when we came."

Ethelwold ordered hunting and hawking parties for the King. But when the King knew that Elfrith would stay at home, he was for staying, too. And when Ethelwold tried to excuse himself from going also, on the plea that he had seen little of his wife for months, Edgar turned on him: " How should you want to see her when you told me she was neither beautiful nor gracious? I find her both. You can go."

Ethelwold had to go; and went with black rage in his heart. And Edgar looked after him darkly, his eyebrows drawn down over his clear, far-seeing eyes.

Edgar and Elfrith roamed the gardens of Doles together. She was always ready to talk with him. Or was she only obedient to the King? She was cold; and he on fire with jealousy and desire. But when he would have forced her, he was beaten by her dignity, and her royalty, which matched his own. Once she asked him

what of the lovely Wulfrith, the nun, whom he had seduced? For she was fearless, was Elfrith.

"Beauty alone sickens a man," he said shortly. "And Wulfrith went back to her convent of her own wish. But you would not tire me, Elfrith; nor I you."

"The church would not marry us," she said, "since you are godfather to my child."

"That shall not hold me. I was cheated of you."

"Your brother Edwy married against the will of the church," she said slowly; "and Edwy, though he was king, could not guard his wife against the vengeance of the churchmen. I have heard they seared her face with hot irons."

"By God," he swore, "do you think I can't keep my bishops in hand?"

And then she shifted her argument. "I have a husband."

"Men sometimes die."

Elfrith drew her cloak more closely about her; yet the day was warm.

He caught her in his arms, and kissed her, wildly, fiercely; bruising her lips; till she lay half swooning in his arms. And then: "You are to swear that when nothing stands between us you will marry me, of your free will. I want that more than anything in the world, Elfrith."

For days she had held out against him; against Edgar, who always got his way. And now? Did she fall in love with him? Small blame to her if she did. He was a fine man, and a wise; and knew how to play on a woman's heart, as he knew how to rule his country. There was a strength about him that would not be gainsaid.

She promised; bending her head to that storm of love which swept her off her feet; which was fierce and tender in one; which was to last as long as he lived, as long as she lived.

* * * *

"The King goes hunting with me to-day, Elfrith." Ethelwold stood ready booted, looking at his wife. "We start at once."

She was turning over some trinkets, and did not look up.

"Bid the thanes who do not go with us to a feast to-night," he said. "The King says his visit draws to an end."

"Ethelwold! Be careful." The words seemed wrung from her.

He laughed. "Not now. Even Edgar, it seems, can tire of women's company."

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. He swung to the door, and went down the stairs smiling.

His fleetest horses were standing in the courtyard; groomed till their coats held the morning light like mirrors; harnessed with finest tooled leather and silver trappings. The footmen, with the coupled hounds, were sent on ahead; the mounted horsemen waited by the gate, and had a hard business to keep their horses in check.

The King was in boisterous mood; laughing, praising Ethelwold's horses; shouting orders; scattering coins among the slaves who ran about at everybody's beck and call, and got all the blame when anything was mislaid, or not ready.

At last they were away, riding out of the great gate towards the forest of Harewood.

From a window, Elfrith stood and watched them go. The handsome young King riding ahead between his grim-faced foster-brother and her father. Once, twice, he turned in his saddle and looked back; but she made no sign. Then the thanes and the huntsmen hid him from her view. Not many noblemen in England could muster such a following as Ethelwold at Doles, thanks to the King's favour and his wife's wealth.

Still Elfrith watched them till the forest swallowed them; a gleam of colour half-seen, half-imagined through the green; a glint of sunlight catching brooch or spear.

Her women, seeing her face grow strained and tight-lipped, crept away, leaving her alone in an empty room.

The sun shone; the birds sang. Call and answer. Call and answer. He had called, she had answered; the youth in her to the youth in him; the fierce, passionate beauty of her to the ruthless strength of him, the handsome King. Where would it end? What was happening; now while she walked the room; now while she paced the gardens? What in God's name was happening in those dark glades of Harewood?

Eat? No, she would not eat. Why did they pester her? There would be a feast to-night; she fasted for that. Had Godric bidden the thanes? There would be a feast to-night, she said again; and laughed; and bade her women leave her. Why would they follow and pester her? And when they were gone, shivered, and drew her cloak about her. The birds sang, building their nests; and the flowers nodded in the light May wind. The chill of evening came sudden and sharp.

Elfrith dressed for the feast. The thanes were gathering in the hall. The King's party was late . . . late . . .

And then Godric, the head of the household, came hurrying into the hall and up to the dais.

Elfrith, white beneath her paint, leaned forward. "The King is back, Godric?"

"No, lady. The King's messengers have brought word that the King has business at the palace of Andover, and must ride there straight. They were to say that the King comes not back to Doles, but that he is well pleased; and that the earl Ordgar goes with him to Andover."

"And Earl Ethelwold? Has he, too, gone to Andover?" Elfrith forced her stiff lips to speech.

"The messengers said there was no word from Ethelwold the earl."

"Then we will feast without him," said Elfrith.

As they feasted, as the light waned and the candles were lit, by twos and by threes Ethelwold's thanes came back from the hunt; dropping into their places at the

long tables; drinking deep. And each time that the door swung, Elfrith, though she jested and laughed with her guests, was quick to see who came in. Presently only the seat of Ethelwold the earl stood empty.

From the thanes' talk it seemed that the King and Ethelwold had got parted from the rest of the hunt. They said to one another—but Elfrith's ears were quick—that they wished they were in Ethelwold's shoes. King's favourite.

In Ethelwold's shoes? Oh, God! What had happened? If Ethelwold were gone with the King to Andover, why had he sent no word? And what did Edgar mean, that he was well pleased? The gleemen sang and tumbled. . . She must not show her fear—her horror . . . her—hope? Hope? " . . . I said it was only your wealth had brought you fame. I said that you were not fitted to be his Lady. . . ."

In the dark forest of Harewood, the light died early. Whilst the feast at Doles was but beginning, men toiled hard in a glade in the forest, shovelling earth into a newly-dug grave.

* * * *

Ethelwold, Lord of Doles, was dead. He had been stabbed whilst hunting in the forest of Harewood, near Wherwell. Well? That had happened to many a good man before; there were outlaws in the forest. His widow sat in a darkened room; and none saw her. Men waited all agog to see what Ethelwold's kin would do, and upon whom they would avenge the murder. And when his kin did nothing; when no one was called to pay the wergeld, nor fled overseas to escape vengeance, men shook their heads and pursed their lips; and waited to see what would happen next.

What happened was that the King sent to seize Ethelwold's lands; and commanded his widow to go at once to Gloucester, where the court was.

Elfrith, in her darkened room, heard his bidding in

silence. Then she sent her men riding into the west, to call up her father's thanes; from Dorset and Somerset, and even from far Devon. And her women must pack her richest robes; her jewels. Did the King think that with Ethelwold dead and his lands forfeit, she was his prey? To be made his mistress for a season? She would be queen.

When she set out to answer the King's summons, it was with a great following. And when she came near Gloucester, she halted to rest, and to make ready to see the King. Her richest gown; a blue cloak lined with fur; on her finger an emerald such as a queen might covet. And over all a black silk travelling cape, to keep off the dust of the road.

* * * *

The King had married Elfrith, Ethelwold's widow; and had taken her to London. The sights of the city would bring colour to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes. A thousand candles should light the hall, a thousand instruments make music, when she danced with the King. His love was all about her, to chase the shadow from her face, and call a smile to her lips. It was not hard to forget Ethelwold, who had been harsh and silent, and furtive in his love.

In the grey hour of dawn, Elfrith lay awake in the royal bed behind curtains of crimson silk. A bell tolled for early mass; out in the palace garden a cock crowed. Elfrith was happy; happy as it was her right to be; as she might have been from the beginning if Ethelwold had not cheated her. No fault of hers that he had thrust himself between her and the King, and had been caught in the trap he had made for himself. . . . Men said that on the spot where he fell the trees were blighted and leafless; that no green thing would grow there now. Was that true?

A tap at the door; voices; a footstep. Edgar stirred; sat up. "Who's there? Ho! The guard!"

The rich curtains swung back slowly. Dunstan the

archbishop stood staring at the King. He leaned against the vermillion inlaid bedpost; for he was spent with fasting and the cares of State. But his eyes were fierce and fearless as a falcon's; and Elfrith shrank from their gaze.

"Who is that woman lying in your bed?"

Edgar answered, with false assurance: "Elfrith, the queen, whom my people love." But his eyes fell before Dunstan's.

"Better you were both dead than to lie thus in sin. Your souls will go to torment."

How she hated him; the cold wintry man who had stamped love out of his own life, and could not brook the sight of another's joy. Under the coverlid her hand found Edgar's and held it.

Dunstan went on speaking of the wrath to come; of hell and everlasting torment. But Edgar's hand was warm in hers; and Edgar's love was hers *now*; and the wrath to come was very far away.

Presently Dunstan left them; the red curtains swung back. They were alone once more in the warm rosy light.

They were busy, stirring years that followed; and Elfrith could smile on Dunstan, when she sat at the King's right hand, and signed with the King the charters that gave lands and power to the church. Abbeys here; minsters there; schools for the sons of noblemen; nunneries for holy maids and devout widows. The church owed much to Elfrith; and none spoke now of the dead Lord of Doles, nor of the wrath to come.

But when Edgar died, and the son of his earlier marriage was crowned King, some sneered; and watched what the queen would do. And when the young King was found thrown from his horse, stabbed, and the Wareham road showed red where he had been dragged by the stirrup, dreadful tales were whispered from mouth to mouth. Elfrith had been at Corfe Castle . . . and the young king had lost his way in the forest and had ridden alone to Corfe gate, to seek shelter with his step-

mother? Who had seen him leave Corfe? Who knew what happened at Corfe gate, before his dead body was found on the Wareham road? Who knew anything but that the way was cleared now for Ethelred, the seven-year-old son of Edgar and Elfrith, to be crowned king? Elfrith the queen mother ruled the land; and none spoke these things aloud.

* * * *

When he lay dying, Dunstan the old archbishop absolved her of the great wrath. And Elfrith, grown old, built a nunnery at Wherwell near Andover, not far from the spot where Ethelwold her husband lay buried. Men said she went in sackcloth now; she for whom the markets of the East had been scoured for the softest and richest silks. But her old age was not barren of tenderness. Her grandson Athelstane, when he came to manhood, remembered the grandmother who had brought him up; tenderly and with gratitude. And his is the last word that reaches us of her. Peace to her soul!

The walls of Wherwell have crumbled to dust; the King's palace at Andover is a memory. But the treeless scar of Dead Man's Plaque in the forest of Harewood still tells its tale of love and vengeance, of passion and sudden death and slow remorse.

Authorities used for this story: William of Malmesbury's Chronicle; Geoffroy Gaimer's Chronicle; Osborn's Anglia Sacra; Strutt's Chronicle of England; the Laws of Edgar; Strutt's Anglo-Saxon Antiquities.

The Childhood of Hussein Amir of Mekka

By Hector Bolitho

The following record of the early years of Hussein, King of the Arabs, father of the late King Feisal, has been written from a series of interviews made during the months when the author was the guest of Hussein's son, Amir Abdullah, the present ruler of Trans-Jordan. Hussein was ruler of Mekka in 1916, *and he fired the first shot in the Arab revolt against the Turks. The record of the Moslem pilgrimage is especially important because Arab scholars often state that, from Burton onwards, English writers have failed to record either the spirit or the fact with fidelity. Further interest lies in the fact that, under the Puritan ruler of to-day, Ibn Saud, the order of the pilgrimage has changed. Mr. Bolitho lived with the ruler of Trans-Jordan for three months and the following record has been submitted to the scholarship of the late King Feisal and to the Amir Abdullah, an acknowledged Arabic scholar, for correction.*

IN 1858, Prince Hussein was born in his father's Palace, in Constantinople, then the Capital of a dying Ottoman Empire. The Court of the Sultan Abdul Majid was corrupted and evil and the end was upon the Turkish glory. Hussein was taken away when he was still a baby in arms: across the Mediterranean, down through Egypt and over the Red Sea, to Mekka, where his ancestors had been rulers from the time of the Prophet. Here, far away from the gilt and treachery of Constantinople, he was nursed and taught and made strong. Here, slowly, he came to know the oppression of the Turkish yoke and the double edge of the Turkish sword. He came also to know the sweet desire for freedom from the Turkish power, which had ruled Mekka for too long.

As one Empire dwindles back into the dust, others

rise to new power. The shores of the Mediterranean were already marked by the fallen pillars and the tumbled temples of Greece and Rome. They were soon to see the crumbling of the memorials of Ottoman rule.

A new and earnest power was coming to the Mediterranean and the Red Sea in the years of Hussein's childhood. Far away, in the cold south of the world, the British had found New Zealand, and nearby, the warmer, far-spreading earth of Australia. The Arabs in Mekka had never heard of these strange lands, but they knew that the world stretched far beyond the limits of their sight and that it was full of mysteries. On the heels of the finding of new lands in the South, there came the Indian Mutiny, the victory and the enlargement of British power in the East. In 1839, the Britons occupied Aden, and in 1857 they occupied Perim. In 1869, the Suez Canal was opened and by this act, the kaleidoscope of power in the Near East was turned and the pattern was changed violently. The Britons, forever forcing their commerce upon the wings of a high moral purpose, had cleared the slave traders out of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Here, indeed, was a renaissance. Many Imperial Kings had drawn the countries of the East into their nets, since the beginning of history. Greece, Rome and then the Ottoman Sultans. But they had all come to exploit and to subdue and to plunder. This new Imperial power from the West, from the island ruled by a little woman, was bewildering to the Arab mind. True, the British merchant was there also, hand in hand with the moralists. Trading stations were built alongside the mission stations, by the same workmen. The East loves political change and the Arabs came to look upon the advent of the British as their ancestors had watched the prophetic moon of the Prophet, split in the sky, above Mekka. The Ottoman Sultan was quelled by the Union Jack. The smaller rulers of Masqat and the still powerful ruler of Persia bowed before the

British attack upon slavery. They took up the cry, with more fear than inspiration, and the British agents went back to Downing Street with treaties in their pockets. The Southern world awoke. Big ships from India and Australia and New Zealand steamed up the long canal, laden with wool and spices, rice and cotton. When the 'seventies came, the British were the policemen of the Persian Gulf and of the Red Sea. In one raid, they captured thirteen dhows and freed almost a thousand slaves: a British man-of-war frowned in the roadstead of Zanzibar. While the Sultan slumbered in Constantinople, England caught the big fish of the Near East into her net. In 1862, the British troops landed in Egypt. Neither her later reverses in the Sudan nor the established authority of Turkey and Persia kept Britain back in her hunger for new land and new power.

From the day when he was carried as a baby into the Palace of Mekka, until he was able to walk and talk, Hussein was left with the women of the Palace and with his grandmother, who was old and wise. When he was secure upon his feet and able to speak, he was taken to be with the men for one hour each day. He was placed upon a peaceful horse, one eunuch holding him upon the saddle and the other leading the horse forward by the reins.

When Hussein was fifteen years old, he was subjected to rigid and persistent moral control. His teachers never allowed him to be idle. From his books he was taken to his horses, and then back to his books again. In this way he was made so tired by nightfall that his need for sleep was greater than his growing curiosity over the intricacies of his own young body.

About this time, a strange tale was told to Hussein by a traveller from a village on the road to Medina. There lived in this village a woman who was as slim as a gazelle and whose eyes were bright with desire. Her husband was old and his skin was as hard and cracked

as a peach stone. When this old man was saddling his camels or wrangling in the bazaar, his wife would press her face against the lattice and see this slim youth or that strong man swinging down the street. Her days were tortured by her idle desires and her nights were hideous with the snoring of her husband, who no longer loved her. One day, her husband was going upon a long journey. When he was gone one hour, his wife espied a youth from her window and, throwing a rose down to him, she drew him into her house and there, beneath the white net over her bed, they played all manner of games and were delighted. Vanquished by their own zeal, they lay back and in this moment they heard a noise in the courtyard below. The wife ran to the window and saw her husband, who returned with some merchants. She hid her lover in a box of corn and beat her face with her hands and cried, "Oh, what am I to do? He will kill me." Her lover, so brave and stalwart an hour ago, with his kisses and his mischief, was crushed beneath the lid of the grain box, shivering like a leaf in the wind. The husband came into the house with his merchants, and he said to his wife, "Hurry, prepare us food, for these men will buy my grain. Hurry, so that I may empty the box and weigh the grain and be paid in gold."

When the wife was told this, she looked in fear towards the grain box and then she went into the kitchen to prepare the food. But her fingers shook and she put this in that and that in this and the food was not fit to be eaten. While she was thus perplexed, another woman, heavy with years, came to see her, from a house nearby, and she said, "What ails you, you have put the nuts in the coffee and the rice in the tea? Are you mad?"

The wife bear her face with her hands again and told the old woman her story. Then the neighbour said, "I will help you, if I have your word that this is a secret between us." She ran into the courtyard and

into the field as quickly as her old legs would carry her, and there she drove an ass into a deep cistern so that it seemed that it would be drowned. Then she called and cried, "My ass is drowning, come quick, all you men who are strong. Come to help an old woman to save her ass."

Hearing her cry, the husband and the merchants ran from the house to save the ass and while they were in the field the wife opened the grain box and drew her lover out. They kissed once and then the youth climbed down into the courtyard and ran away. So the husband and the merchants saved the ass, the neighbour saved the honour of the wife and she was able to cook new food for the men and know that her secret was safe forever.

When Prince Hussein heard this story, he laughed, and those with him laughed also. But when the ruling Amir heard the tale, he sent for Hussein and he sent for his Koran. Opening it to the *Chapter of Light*, he read:

> "The whore and the whoremonger, shall ye scourge with a hundred stripes. And let no compassion towards them prevent you from executing the judgment of God, if ye believe in God and the last day: and let some of the true believers be witnesses of their punishment."

When he had read this to Hussein, the Amir also told him of the sin of gossip and the sin of robbing a man's name of honour. When it was feared that his young hands might stray to mischief, Hussein's uncle starved him so that the roses of desire faded from his cheeks. Along such ways Hussein was taught. He was clean in behaviour, eschewing the excesses of a warm land.

In the summer, when the sultry rooms of the Palace oppressed him, Hussein's uncle and his Court would travel to the country Palace which was at Taif, three days' distance from Mekka, by camel. We may enjoy a picture of Hussein upon such a summer morning, awakening beneath the folds of white net which covered his bed. He wakes in great happiness for this is the

day when he leaves the schoolroom behind him, to breathe the sweet air upon the road to Taif. He lies back, a strong boy of sixteen years, looking up into the snowy minaret of gossamer above his bed. Beyond the lattice, in the hot and sleepy street, he hears the voice of a rose seller, a boy who has come from the fair gardens of Taif, to sell his flowers. Almost as he stirs, to hear the rose seller's voice beyond the lattice, the curtain of his bed is lifted by the woman who cares for him. Hussein leaps from his bed, he presses his face near to the lattice to hear the dusky rose seller once more, calling *Ya Mal el-Hada Ya Ward*, as he passes down the bazaar, among the camels and the asses. Hussein washes himself and brushes his teeth before he prays. He goes once more to the window, to see his beloved horse waiting for him in the courtyard below: then he is taken to the rooms of his grandmother. When he has eaten his breakfast, Hussein goes to the window of his grandmother's room, for this has been his pleasure from the day when he was first able to stand upon his toes and look down into the crowded bazaar. Here the pilgrims walk, some in the unsewn, seamless robes of those who make the holy journey to Arafat. Some wear the poppy coloured fez of the Turkish official, and some come on camels, to wait at the door of the Palace so that they may kiss the Amir's hand. In the courtyard, Hussein can hear the moaning of a camel which is being branded with a hot iron.

On this day there are no lessons and all go out into the courtyard to see the servants preparing for the great journey. One thousand five hundred camels will set out upon the summer caravan to Taif.

When Prince Hussein came to the age of puberty, he made his first pilgrimage to Mount Arafat, which is nine miles distant from Mekka. The cavalcade left Mekka by the gate through which the pilgrims enter the city and it proceeded to the first station in this order. First were the stalwart horsemen, with spears

and swords. The light shone upon their steel and their horses stepped proudly. Behind the horsemen were six camels, walking one behind the other, without riders. These were the camels of the Amir: their hair was like silk, the colour of dark honey. Their saddles were decorated with plaited leather in many colours, and with deep fringes of scarlet, turquoise, purple and saffron. Behind the six camels were twelve horses, saddled, but without riders. Their panoply was magnificent. Behind the horses walked twenty-five soldiers upon foot: their faces black as ebony and their limbs strong and supple as young trees. They walked in five lines, each line of five men. The clothes of all except the guard upon horses were simple, without stitch or seam. Each man wore but two sheets of white stuff, one about his loins and the other over his shoulders. Their heads were bare.

Behind the men upon foot, rode the Ruling Amir, wearing the simple white dress of the pilgrim. Over his head was held the wine silk umbrella which marked him as the living and glorified descendant of the Prophet. No other man travelled beneath the shade of an umbrella: its fringe was of silver and there was a pattern of precious stones embroidered upon the silk. Upon the right hand of the Amir were his brothers, and upon the left hand his sons and those Princes who had come to the age of manhood. With these rode Hussein.

Behind the Amir was his guard, and behind these rode two regiments of soldiers, upon camels.

The first part of the pilgrims' journey was to Muna, which is three miles distant from Mekka. The way was dense with people who fell back upon the roadside as the Amir's procession rode past. They came from Java and from Sudan, from Turkey and from Palestine, and all wore the unsewn clothes of the pilgrims. Some poor Abyssinians, tall and black, lived in hovels which they had made beside the road. There were Bedouins riding upon camels, and officials upon horses. Some

walked in their white robes, stumbling on through the dust, for by walking, they earned more merit in the eyes of God and were assured a place in Paradise. The day had been hot and dusty and the water vendors were crawling back to Mekka with their empty, dirty water skins hanging over their shoulders. As the black wings of night descended upon the pilgrims and as the torches were being lit, they came to a flight of steps and then to a narrow entrance, between hills, which led into the bowl of earth in which was the sacred village of Muna. The last days of the pilgrimage are spent at Muna, when the procession is returning to Mekka. Hussein rested here, but we shall speak more of Muna, where Adam is believed to be buried, when the time comes.

Hussein went to his tent, where he washed. Then he prayed, and he ate rice and meat and fruit. Hussein's childhood lay behind him, in Mekka: he was on the road to trouble and growth and glory. He waited until the multitude of pilgrims had passed Muna, so that the road was quiet again. From his tent he watched them, jostling and crying, their feet seeming to swim in a sea of sand. It rose about them, darkening their white robes, blinding their eyes. Still they pressed on, thousand upon thousand, forcing the yelling water carriers aside, sometimes stepping out of the dense procession to walk alone beside the road. Sometimes they breathed in the peaceful shade of the trees: pomegranate, date and peach. There were Sudanese and Indians, Turks and Egyptians; some pale, from the southern edge of Europe, some black, from the burning heart of Africa, or from the rich valleys of Yemen. Their bodies seemed to lean forward towards the holy goal of Arafat. They had crossed the earth in poverty and pain to come thus, in the stinking, noisy horde, to hear the voice upon the mountain. Their eyes strained through the dust clouds before them, their voices wavered through the half-tones of a holy song.

In their thousands they passed, multitude behind multitude, until the last was gone and until the clouds of fine dust had fallen back again upon the disturbed earth.

In the silence which came in the wake of the pilgrims, Hussein rose from his tent and he rode on through the darkness. Each time that the procession came upon a holy place, the leader of prayer called out to God, telling Him of their coming:

"We are here, Oh, God, we are here.
We are here, God without partner,
We are here, Praise and Grace and
Possession of the World are Thine.
There is no partner with Thee."

While it was still dark, Hussein passed through Muzdalifah, which is three miles distant from Muna, and from here he travelled three more miles, to Al Bazan, where he slept until morning.

From Al Bazan, the procession travelled through a narrow place, between two mountains, and then it came upon two white pillars or walls which are the gateway to the sacred plain of Arafat. Here, for the first time, Hussein saw the Holy Hill, against the blue sky. Mount Arafat rises two hundred feet above the plain, and it is diminished to the height of a child by the great mountains which are near to it. Its granite sides are covered with a mean shrub known as "harmal" which, when burned, protects children from the evil eye. Hussein dismounted, and he found that the plain was covered by thousands of tents: in the spaces between the tents were the jostling, crying pilgrims. Some mumbled their prayers and some prepared their food. Some were drawn into a spell and a frenzy and they screamed their prayers with wild voices. Some few who were old had died on the way and their graves were being dug in the dry earth. In the centre of the bedlam of noise and movement, there was a platform and upon this, the tents of the Amir were pitched. His jewelled

umbrella and his flag were raised behind his tent: they were like two fires of colour, against the dusky flanks of Arafat.

When Hussein walked up the sides of Arafat, he could look out towards the mountains of the Hejaz and towards the hills of Taif. They were blue as the sky, with deeper shades of iris in their valleys. There lay his childhood and his pleasure. There, among the pomegranate groves and among the caves of the hills he had hunted the jackal: there was his happiness. He turned down the dried slopes of Arafat again. Here, among the hard stones and the arid earth, was the way of his future, leading into the grim trials of manhood and the fearful uncertainty of power. He turned once and looked sadly towards the blue hills of Taif and then he went down the hill, over the dusty plain, and to his tent, where he prayed.

In the morning of the second day, Hussein was awakened by a cannon which boomed over the pilgrims on the dusty plain. Again the procession of the Amir was drawn up at the foot of the mountain and, threading its way between the banks of dark faces, it climbed the steep sides of Arafat. Its course was cleared by the brandishing swords of the guard. Some sang their prayers in wailing voices, some cried like hyenas, some beat their neighbours with sticks, some bargained and some ogled, and others walked in the silence of their own devotions. One hundred thousand people moved up the mountain, like a swarm of fabulous ants. They covered the holy slopes and they waited, shouting their Labbayk to the silver-blue heaven, as the Amir rode on, to his appointed place. Here the sermon of the pilgrimage was to be preached, by a man who sat upon a camel, in imitation of the Prophet. Every hour of the morning and afternoon had its appointed prayer or its celebration in some holy place upon the mountain. When the pilgrims prayed, they turned their bowed heads towards Mekka. Beside the steps at the foot of the mountain, an abundant spring of water gushed out

of the rock and refreshed the thirsty people. For three hours the preacher sat upon his camel, telling the story of the pilgrimage, of its order and its tradition. The sun moved down from the glory of the burning blue sky and it sank into a cradle in the hills. Its gold changed to red and the heads of the pilgrims were radiant with light. The blue hills of Taif darkened and, as the sun plunged down over the dark edge of the world, the preacher was silent and the multitude of people turned down from Arafat to the plain. The Amir's procession moved on through the pandemonium: the tents were struck and they fluttered down upon the sand, like dying birds. They were packed upon the camels and the disorderly, excited pilgrimage moved on to Muzdalifah, three miles back on the road to Mekka. Hussein washed and prayed and then went upon the sacred earth of Muzdalifah and gathered forty-nine little stones, for this was ordered by the Prophet. He wrapped the stones in a cloth and, holding them near to his body, he slept.

When morning came, Hussein rose from his bed and when he had washed, he prayed. Carrying the forty-nine stones within his pilgrim robe, he mounted his horse and the procession travelled three miles, to Muna. The Amir dismounted, with all his brothers and sons, and the soldiers. He walked to the place of Sacrifice and, in memory of Abraham and the ram which God sent to him, the Amir killed a ram and offered it to God. Then he ordered Hussein to kill a ram, which was a great honour for one so young. When this was done, every pilgrim cut his hair, or at least forty of his hairs, as a sign that the pilgrimage to Arafat was over. From the place of Sacrifice, the Amir went to a place called Akaba, where he threw seven of his stones upon the ground, as a plea that God should mark his pilgrimage. From Muna, the procession rode into Mekka and to the Palace, there to wash and rest. The ceremonies were not yet ended.

Upon the same day, Prince Hussein went to the

Mosque within Mekka, to run seven times about the Ka'abah. The Mosque was bordered by cloisters and within the open space between the cloisters were the sacred spring of Zemzem, found by Hagar and Ishmael, and the Ka'abah built of stone, and covered by the glorious canopy which was the gift of Egypt, sent each year across the desert, upon camels. Hussein found the Mosque full of people. They knelt upon the stone and prayed. Then he went to the Ka'abah, and kissing the black, sacred stone, he besought God to know that he was making his first obeisance to the shrine. He ran seven times about the Ka'abah and then he went out of the Mosque and ran between the mountains of Safa and Marwah seven times, in memory of Hagar. This was all upon the same day. Hussein went back to the Palace, and there he rested and washed. In the afternoon the procession again rode out of Mekka. Their simple pilgrim clothes were abandoned: the Amir was splendid upon his horse and the Princes glittered with gold.

They came again to Muna, in the cool of the evening. The noises of the night were the booming echoes of the guns, fired between the mountains, and the murmuring of one hundred thousand people at prayer. For three days Hussein stayed at Muna, and each day he threw the stones he had gathered, seven in each of the three places, about Muna. At night, the plain blossomed with fires and the heavens were wild with rockets. There was singing and rejoicing, and upon the fourth day, the Amir and the Princes and the procession and the one hundred thousand pilgrims rode back into Mekka, for their pilgrimage was over and there were signs that it had been accepted by God. With them rode Hussein, now come to manhood and knowledge of the mysteries which were his inheritance. For he was taught that by one proven line, the dedication of God came down to him, from God to Abraham and from Abraham to Ishmael and from Ishmael to the Prophet Mohammed and from the Prophet to himself. In the century when

Sovereigns trembled upon their thrones in Europe, Hussein was taught to believe in the divine right of Kings.

When Hussein was seventeen years old, many duties came to him, for his uncle, Amir Abdullah, fell ill, and from this time he was paralysed and feeble. One day the Amir was taken to Husseiniyah, a spring set in a valley to the north-east of Mekka. The hills about the spring were red and white, and the hollows were green with palm trees and sweet with flowers. The houses were white and their roofs were flat. Jasmine climbed up the walls, and night roses, the colour of wine. The gardens were rich with lemons, oranges and dates: pomegranate flowers swayed against the white walls.

Among those who served Abdullah was his jester, Ihanim Al Mazrad. Ihanim Al Mazrad was the first man in Mekka to wear false teeth. He would rattle them and click them, and even take them out upon serious occasions, to make the Court sway with laughter. Or he would push them out of his mouth with his tongue and frighten little children in the bazaar. Ihanim Al Mazrad was a funny fellow, and when he saw that his master was paralysed and feeble, he devised many tricks and phrases to amuse him. One day while they were still resting in the white house beside the spring, the noblemen of the country nearby gathered together before the Amir, to ride dangerously upon the horses, and to shoot at small targets, to prove their skill. The young Prince Hussein was master of the ceremonies, and the jester came to him and said, " Let me also ride upon a horse and shoot a rifle before the Amir Abdullah, for he thinks me a fool and will laugh with surprise when he sees that I can also ride and shoot. But fill my rifle with more powder than any other so that it will make a great noise and provoke the Amir to jump with surprise."

Hussein said " Yes " to the jester's plan, and when the nobles were brought before the Amir Abdullah, upon an open, sandy space between the palm trees, he was surprised to see his jester among them, carrying a

rifle as long as himself, with brass bands upon it. First the nobles rode past the Amir, turning in their saddles, mounting and dismounting from their horses while they ran. Among these none was so clever as Hussein, for he could ride at a great speed and while thus riding, he would rise from his saddle, draw it from under him and throw it into the air. Also he could shoot at a bullet and send it spinning into the sand. His uncle was pleased with his skill.

When these entertainments were over, the nobles rode before the Amir, firing their rifles as they passed him. Now young Hussein had deceived the jester, for he had emptied the gunpowder from his rifle and put only a cap beneath the hammer. When Ihanim Al Mazrad rode splendidly before his master, he raised his rifle with bravado and fired it into the air. Instead of a great noise there was but a little click, which sent the old Amir off into laughter.

"You have made me deaf. I can never hear again," he said to the jester, when he was brought before him. It was said that this play restored the Amir's health for many days. When it was night, he went upon the roof of the white house to see the night roses, which opened upon the wall in great beauty. He still chuckled at Ihanim Al Mazrad's buffoonery, and the servants who watched him from the orange grove, said that he muttered to himself many times, "Ihanim Al Mazrad has made me deaf with his terrible shooting, quite deaf, quite deaf."

The jester loved Prince Hussein and he forgave him. When Ihanim Al Mazrad was an old man, with a beard which was as long as his forearm, he went to live in Jerusalem. Even when he was dying he made jokes for the Princes in Mekka. He wrote to them, "It is better that I die in Jerusalem, for here the Moslems will be judged on Judgment Day and it will not be so far for me to walk as if I die in Mekka."

When he had written this message for his masters, he turned upon his bed and died.

Verses for the Albums of Certain People

By David Grace

I

For a Stout Lady on the Beach

Fair bather, I am not a man who quarrels
With women, even of your size;
But, if you have no feeling for my morals.
At least have pity on my eyes.

II

For a Successful Man

You tell the world you practise what you preach,
And that is true; but show it, I beseech,
The other aspect of the case. The fact is,
You only preach to justify your practice.

III

For a Bad Poet

You say you only sing because you must,
I'm not surprised; not even you, I trust,
Dare sing such trash just when the fancy takes you;
But who's the public enemy who makes you?

IV

For a Cockney Fellow-Voyager

Why I should watch with awe the long, slow swell
And mighty crash of waves, you cannot tell;
Giving one glance, perfunctory and quick,
You turn to see if anyone is sick.

V

For a Militant Middle-Brow

"Here is a pedant, there a Philistine"
You say with scornful pointing; what you mean
Is that, for ten cathedrals you have seen,
One know eleven and the other nine.

VI

For a Hard-Headed Man

You see most clearly to your nose's end,
And hit a haystack with a deadly aim,
But, though you mock me for the hours I spend
Snatching at stars, *you* miss them just the same.

Secrets of the Japanese Foreign Office

By Ignatius Phayre

" Sleeping Asia is stirring from end to end. Two-thirds of the human race are on the move under a Great Power which already claims naval equality with the two greatest Sea-Powers of the world. We are here face to face with one of the major developments in history . . . With the policy on which Japan has now embarked, there is serious risk that the machinery of Peace will be destroyed, and that the Pacific may become the potential danger-spot of the world on a colossal scale."

(GENERAL JAN SMUTS, *in his Address to the new South African Institute of International Affairs.*)

IT is a subtle surge which the ablest of our Empire statesmen bids us mark with his usual vision. Yet how little space does our Press give to it! Of the Quai d'Orsay and the Wilhelmstrasse, of the Palazzo Venezia and the U.S. State Department, we read overmuch. But what do we know of the *Kasumi-ga-seki* in Tokyo? There sits Koki Hirota, the tight-lipped æscetic who steers the unique Throne-centric force of a Japanese " family " which aims at the mastery of Asia, and with it predominance in all the world's markets by virtue of a patient, disciplined genius that is *sui generis* in bloodless conquest.

The Western visitor to Tokyo steps out of the central station to survey a roaring metropolis of skyscrapers and department-stores; swift taxis and broad avenues, gay cinemas and splendid hotels like the Imperial, which an American architect designed as a Ritz-Carlton or a Claridge's. Standing in that great square, with the vast red front of the station behind him, the stranger is dismayed—haply with the " toy " Japan in mind; the Old Nippon of Hokusai's lovely colour-prints, the *Ni-hon* of " Sun-origin," all cherry blossom and dainty maids, and warriors in chain-mail with two-handed swords.

Yet this Japan is still there. Only on the surface has she changed, adapting her spirit to new conditions and problems, whilst holding fast to the antique *samurai*-cult

of loyalty and Might. "We are a martial people," her War Minister, General Senjuro Hayashi insists. "We were created by the Sword. And so long as we keep our weapons, the industries of peace will continue to flourish." That Soldier and his Cabinet colleagues can put off uniforms and morning coats to sink in silken robes on the mat at home, there to read the classics, or paint poems on rice-paper or arrange flowers with mystical meaning. To watch the Prime Minister, Admiral Keisuke Okada, in his Japanese garden tending his chrysanthemums is to bring to life a picture of Hiroshige or Utamaro. It is this "duplex personality" of Japan which is so baffling to the Western observer. For under what the Greeks called "appearance" is a static reality of faith and purpose, now intent upon prestige and power of austere and peculiar pride.

But this "Family," approaching 100,000,000 all told, needs dexterous handling at home as well as abroad. Its political leader—Okada—is a "strong Navy" man. He was "recommended" to the Emperor by a patriarch of eighty-eight, who never goes out at all save on his rare visits to the Palace in times of crises. This is Prince Kimmochi Saionji, the last of the *Genro*, or Elder Statesmen of the Meiji Era. He lives in a little villa near Kamakura, two hours from Tokyo. Long ago a resident of Paris, a friend of the De Goncourts and of Clemenceau, the Prince still keeps in touch with French literature and art. When facing "the crisis of 1935-6" he thought proper to advise the Throne that Okada was best fitted to succeed a brother-Admiral (Viscount Makino Saito) as the gyroscope of policy in new and uncertain seas.

Like Koki Hirota, his Foreign Office dynamo, Okada prepared for power much as a priest trains for the saving of souls; nothing like this lay-religion is known in the West. When I was in Tokyo, I asked Somatoro Sheba, as the best informed witness to tell me why an Admiral succeeded an Admiral as Prime Minister of Japan.

"Because he is the Man of the Hour," was the reply.

"Okada is convinced that Peace must rest upon armed security. He knows our needs, and has in superlative degree the faculty of taking the longest and safest way round to attain them. So slowly has this man grown in public and official esteem, that his choice was a surprise to all. He is a 'moderate' statesman of soft, slow speech. In all the years I have known him, I have never seen Okada nervy or ruffled or ill at ease, even in the most trying times of political assassinations and unrest.

"An evening at home with him shows this *mens æqua* at its best over cups of *sake*, or rice-wine. His eager mind absorbs all things. He can lay policy aside to discuss botany or astro-physics—or his own way of trapping garden moles! Then he has wonderful sway over other men in composing their differences. In a word, it is Okada we look to as our living barometer set fair in temperate zones. Or to 'speak native,' the P.M. is Japan's 'suspended centre-post,' like the ones in our pagodas which keep them stable through storms and earthquakes. Those pillars are *not* rigidly fixed; they swing with the whole structure, and at last pull it back to the centre when danger is past.

"Okada is a thick-set, ruddy-faced sailor of sixty-seven. He spoke for Japan in Geneva in 1932, when all arms were debated from aircraft-carriers—which he was willing to forgo—to submarines, which he was resolved at any cost to keep for the Empire's defence in these shut-in seas."

The casual visitor to this new Tokyo, which arose out of the bitter and flaming havoc of 1923, knows little of the silent *Führerprinzip* of "Japanism," as Okada and his colleagues envisage it. That idol of the masses (as well as of the fighting services)—General Sadao Araki—would extend its *ægis* even as far as India. For over fifty years these people have contended for "racial equality." But this has been denied them: a "White Australia" and America's Exclusion Laws are among the answers to this racial plea. And so, with

scant natural resources in her own archipelago and surplus births of a million a year, Japan's goal had to be changed. After all, she has a world of her own to exploit, and will book no barriers in the doing of it.

"No idle boast is it," writes Araki—who is no swashbuckler, but a dreamy mystic of the Faith—"to say that whatever obstructs our mission of peace, we are ready to sweep away. As for Soviet Russia's aim, we remember that the very name 'Vladivostok' means 'Conquest of the Far East'." The ex-War Minister goes on to show how Outer Mongolia—"a region in which we have vital interests"—has already become a Soviet Socialist Republic, with all doors closed save those which lead to Moscow.

Japan denies that her new *Führerprinzip* is of the Prussian stripe. She does content that when the U.S. armada under Matthew Perry forced her feudal door with tons and guns in 1853, she had no chance in the scramble for overseas domains, but had to stagnate in her own narrow sea and isles. Later came agreements and pacts among the Powers which were designed for their own aims, since they were stated with colonies. "We must break down this defence," urges Kaku Mori, who was Chief Secretary to the Cabinet. "So long as the Nine Power Treaty (which guaranteed China's integrity) and the Kellogg Pact (against War as an instrument of policy) are construed in their present sense, Japan cannot expand in the Far East. We must concentrate our efforts on the stabilization of Asia. It is to Asia we belong, and there we can develop our national mission."

Mastery of the Pacific is here involved, with all that this entails, as General Smuts foreshadowed in his survey. The National Language Committee of the Ministry of Education proposed that the very name 'Japan' should be dropped, as Persia's was. Impregnable by geography—as Lord Beatty and Sir Roger Keyes have pointed out—and with a dual talent for

war and commerce such as not even Germany ever possessed, it is clear that Japan can adopt a passive and "peaceful" rôle in her new Asian mission, with incalculable results for us all. Her chosen field is 16,000,000 square miles in extent, and it includes two-thirds of the human race. Given a "Monroe Doctrine" of hegemony in Asia, such as Theodore Roosevelt (of all men!) so innocently suggested to Viscount Kaneko in 1905—and there is no knowing what use Japan could make of such dominion in the economic and political spheres.

Yet as I say, the sightseer in Tokyo ignores the *dessous* of all this. In the Imperial Hotel's beauty parlors and cabaret shows, or in the gorgeous ballroom during a Saturday night dance, he or she might be in the Savoy or in the Mayflower in Washington amid carefree Senators and "plutes" with their bejewelled ladies. Under the *porte-cochère* of one's hotel stands a smart taxi-man in green uniform and high polished boots. Ten minutes in his elegant cab will land one at the *Kasumi-ga-seki* ("Misty Barrier" or "Cloudy Gate"), which is to say, Japan's new Foreign Office. On the way you will pass palatial newspaper offices, like that of the *Asaki*, which runs aircraft of its own. You may also get a glimpse of the German-built Houses of Parliament on a hill. That towered pile of white granite cost 26,500,000 yen, or £2,650,000.

But it is not yet ready for Parties or Peers. Democracy as we know it is here on trial still, and for over forty years the Diet has been housed in a flimsy barn below the hill. Here Ministers are heckled from a tribune amid uproar and shouts. They reply as they please, calmly and briefly. Two great Parties, the Seiyukai and Minseito, control ninety per cent. of the seats and represent the all-powerful Mitsui and Mitsubishi "interests," which permeate most of Japan's financial and industrial and agrarian activities.

The 466 Deputies of the Lower House are paid 3,000 yen for the short session of two months. They are

poor men ; and as election may cost 50-100,000 yen, they are heavily in debt to the Trusts, so that no one has any illusion as to their power to sway the Empire's march, or vary the cult of " Daruma," which is the Buddhist god of harmony, prosperity and good luck. In any case, the Army and Navy stand on watch as *samurai*-censors of the Family's morals—to say nothing of Blood-Brotherhoods and patriot clubs. Ministers have been slain without mercy—Inukai in his own home—on the suspicion that they had strayed from the nobler path which is here a religion of *exaltés*.

In Tokyo the Powers have built 'quake-proof Embassies on a lavish scale. Our own covers ten acres opposite the wide moat and ramparts of the Imperial Palace. It is a garden city in itself, employing over 100 Japanese. Sir Robert Clive's house (both his boys were born in Japan) is very " English." Yet from the ballroom one looks out upon a Hokusai-garden with pond and toy bridge, dwarf trees and rock plants in full flower. Russia's embassy, under Konstantin Yurenev, is a vast concrete affair with the " U.S.S.R." in bold letters over the main portal. But the showiest of all is the American palace, rising in terraces on a hill and based upon steel gridirons, so as to " float " in any future wavering sea of earth.

This embassy cost $1,250,000, and its Chief—Mr. Joseph C. Grew—is a career diplomat of twenty-eight years' experience. His wife, by the way, is a granddaughter of Japan's historic " opener," Commodore Perry, This Western team, aided by the French envoy, M. Fernand Pila (a noted art-collector) are in daily touch with Japan's impassive " dynamo." This is Koki Hirota, the Foreign Minister ; he is barely a name to our Press and people, although one of the most remarkable statesmen in our world to-day as the synthesis of Japan's peculiar policy. His new Foreign Office was built on the site of the old *Kasumi-ga-seki*, or " Cloudy Gate," an unpretentious mansion which the Duke of Gloucester was the last foreign guest to occupy.

Here is the most secretive of all Ministries ; the seat and centre of what Maxim Litvinov in Moscow calls " a ball-bearing diplomacy ; " noiseless and swift, setting out its subtle moves in germinal form through a " Spokesman " whom I shall later on present. In his younger ebullient days, it was Koki Hirota who drew up (in 1915) those " Twenty-one Demands " upon China—a document whose very existence was long denied to the bewildered President Wilson. Those " Demands " would not only have made an end of the " Open Door " to trade in the Far East : they were aimed to end China's independence altogether.

A village stone-cutter's son of the Isle of Kyushu, Koki Hirota was soon a perfervid patriot, even a member of secret clans like the Black Dragon and Genyosha, whereof Mitsuru Toyama was the fiery leader. But as he developed, young Hirota felt the need of restraint and more disciplined his emotions. So he went into retreat in monkish cloisters of the Buddhist Zen Sect. There, in Trappist silence, the young man learned—as he says himself—" to scorn the ease and comfort of civilized life, to disdain material things and live frugally, simply, austerely."

" Japanism " is in truth a mystical cult, the basic principle of the State in a sense unknown even to Adolf Hitler or Mussolini. But soft speaking is part of it. And when Hirota bowed out an ailing and weary Uchida in the Cloudy Gate, a new feline force took charge there in the person of Japan's Ambassador in Moscow—where Hirota's quiet word had tamed the bluster of the Kremlin's camarilla in short order.

First of all he calmed the Army Staff and then the " Big Five " of the Cabinet. There must be *no* talk of War : finesse should replace the cruder way, and yet impose the Empire's will upon the world as " the only corner-stone of the edifice of Peace in East Asia " . . . " I am determined to use every ounce of my energy to carry out our national policy by diplomatic means."

Withdrawal from the League, denunciation of the Washington Naval Treaties, with the rounding off of Manchukuo's vague frontiers and " preparations " elsewhere—all these were diplomatic *coups* of Hirota, a man who had shown matchless craft ever since he first won the praise of Enjiro Yamaza, Chief of the Bureau of Political Affairs in the *Kasumi-ga-seki*.

He started in Seoul, then passed to Pekin. After that came five years in London, then Washington and Moscow. Focal points are all these in Japan's " will-to-power." Long ago in London, Komura foresaw the rise of his Third Secretary. " One day," that great Minister foretold, " Hirota will be at the top in Tokyo." It was Uchida and Saito who put him there.,

Koki Hirota knows our language, as he has also Russian and Chinese. But he prefers to answer questions in his own tongue through his courtly interpreter, Toshikazu Kasé, who is a Harvard graduate. Hirota is amused when you remind him how he once asked for a job in the household of Captain John J. Pershing, then U.S. Military Attaché in Tokyo. That officer declined the young man's service, " because his English is so poor." " Please tell General Pershing "—the Foreign Minister said the other day to Ambassador Grew, " that Hirota still halts in his English, just as he did thirty years ago ! "

A talk with him has personal interest, but there is nothing in it for the " newshawk " beyond wary platitude; confidence and mutual aid, fraternity with all other nations despite " economic " disorders and political unrest. Hirota purrs and sibilates in Japanese, whether in the Diet or in his own Bureau. But always his aim is steadfast in the Browning-spirit : " Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve." Japan he affects to see as a mere dot in Asia's vastness when reassuring Americans who are vaguely disturbed. " Gazing westward over the Pacific," so he quizzed one of these with a smile, " you seem to see us as a burning candle casting a colossal shadow on the endless wall which is China.

But stand in that vast teeming land and look eastward at the Candle—and how *very* small it really is!" Then a glass of wine and the Minister retires, bowing with unhurried grace, to leave his questioner with young Kasé who escorts him out through the busy hive of offices. Here typewriters click and dictaphones "talk" beside roll-top desks which recall that $17,000,000 Department of Congress in Washington.

Koki Hirota is the driving-force of Admiral Okada's "Eleven." Both the Army and Navy have their own propagandists—General Eiko Tojo for the former, Admiral Tsuneyoshi Sakano for the Senior Service. The scale of this work may be judged from the dispatch of booklets in tens of thousands on the eve of the denunciation of the Washington Treaty. This "new material" reached even Japanese clubs and leagues in the U.S. and Canada, Hawaii and the South Sea Islands.

It is not easy to reconcile demands of the Services with the harassed Treasury and Foreign Office. The Public Debt is now nearly 10,000,000,000 yen. Agriculture is on a hand-to-mouth basis (the "Rice-Question" is endemic here); so the forward movement calls for adroit fencing and compromise. Yet the current Budget gives 529,000,000 to the Navy alone, and typhoons and floods entail large relief costs.

On the credit side is these people's industrial genius, with labour at such low rates of pay, science and technics enlisted and organization so exact, that any idea of Western competition with Japan's products is quite impossible. Here, as we all know, is economic war *à outrance*, with the havoc of it felt in every continent—even in South Africa, as General Smuts has pointed out. Equally amazed was President Roosevelt over the inroads made in American trade in the twenty Latin Republics.

We hear much of "slave labour" in the cotton-mills of Osaka, Nagoya and other centres. This is nonsense. There are no happier workers in the world than Japan's. If their wants are few and their tastes simple, the same

is true of the upper classes. The Prime Minister's home has little " furniture " in our sense of the word. Fish and rice, bread and beans are the staple foods. Living costs little. And costs of all kinds are incredibly small. Thus for one warship that America builds, Japan can turn out three—or even five—according to type and armament.

Western standards, alike in things material and moral are wholly inapplicable here. Moreover, the " Family " is ready for any sacrifice, with mass unity and pride of race that is a striking portent. This was shown in the House of Peers when Mineo Osumi, the Minister of Marine, was asked about the " naval race " which might loom ahead in the Year of Crisis (1936). " In such event," the Minister said, " we should be forced into counter-measures, *even if the nation had to live on bread and water!* "

The same passion animates the Fleet under Admiral Sankichi Takahashi. Loyal fervour runs through all ranks of the Army in the old *bushido*-way. In the three elements Japan's armed forces are efficient to an amazing degree. But secrecy is here part of the nation's creed. Spying is all but impossible; even foreign Attachés are politely kept in the dark about new devices and inventions of attack and defence. The Chiefs of Staff now have access to the Emperor without the mediation of their Civil Ministers. Their latest triumph came (after four years' ferment) when His Imperial Majesty formally cut loose from the Naval Treaties of 1923.

That was an historic scene in the East Audience Hall of Tokyo's Court of 2,000 years. At a horseshoe table, Privy Council members sat till the Emperor came in and took his place at the head. Then Baron Kichiro Hiranuma rose to propose abrogation. It was so decreed, leaving the Government " free to cope with any situation that may arise."

What plans are laid for future action, none can say; even Siam now feels the urge of Japan. But Prime

Minister Okada hopes the Powers "will appreciate Japan's real position and her *rôle* as a major stabilizing force in East Africa." We may soon look for a further *démarche* in the Two Mongolias, and even in the Mandated Islands and the Philippines, now that America is committed to the independence of that far-flung stragetic archipelago. In the House of Peers recently, Ryozo Hirohuma promised Japan's "recognition" of the new "Filipino Republic." It must inevitably pass into Japanese tutelage: one day we shall surely see Manila turned into a Far Eastern Gibraltar. That will mean the end of America's hopes for supremacy in the Pacific, with a view to enforcing her doctrine of the "Open Door."

This summer, by the way, will see the two rival Battle-Fleets playing "war-games" in the world's vastest ocean, and that on a scale never attempted before. These U.S.-Japanese manœuvres are rather pointed affairs in a delicate area and are none too tactful at this time.

Well may General Smuts warn us of Japan's march in Asia as "one of the major developments of history."

Its political power-house is the *Kasumi-ga-seki*, or Foreign Office in Tokyo, which Koki Hirota guides with inflexible suavity. A unique feature of that little-known Bureau is the so-called "Spokesman" who lets up balloons of policy for his silent Chief, so that the world may judge them. If they pass muster, well and good: if not, they can be whittled down as "unofficial," or else given a different colour. This is an ingenious system for sounding out the Powers and the Press of all nations. The oracular "Spokesman" of to-day is the supple Eiji Amau. He inspires the Rengo News Agency (the "Reuter's" of Japan); he receives foreign writers and primes them all, replying to accusations of "jingoism" whether made by the Generalissimo in Nanking or by rugged Vassili Bluecher who commands Stalin's Red Army in Eastern Siberia.

It was Eiji Amau who first startled the Powers with the " Hands off China " warning. He is a mild-mannered scholar and poet of slender build, much taller than the average Japanese. He replaced Toshio Shiratori as " Spokesman " when that witty and caustic satirist was found too indiscreet for his curious job. Born in Tokushima on the obscure island of Skikoku, Eiji Amau passed to the great port of Kobe for a business training. Antung in Manchuria (as student-Consul) ; then Sydney and London, Berne, Canton and Peiping—here are the diplomatic steps of the " balloonist's " career. He went to Washington for the Naval Conference.

It was Count Uchida who, as Foreign Minister, put Amau into the Information Bureau of the *Kasumi-ga-seki* that is one of the eight sections of Tokyo's " Misty Barrier." Heckled by pressmen, the Spokesman can give out " stories " that read well, but have no substance. Is Prince Chichibu (eldest brother of the Mikado) going to Hsinking to call on the puppet Emperor, Kang-Teh ? Then here are photos of the 10,000-ton cruiser, " Ashijara " for the sea-trip to Dairen. What rich gifts H.R.H. is taking. How he will ride in the young monarch's scarlet bomb-proof car. How the streets have been repaved for this royal visit, railway stations painted afresh and 50,000 yen spent on festivals. It will be seen that Japan's Imperial family can act as Foreign Office envoys when policy and publicity alike call for such august aid.

This year marks Japan's momentous " Period of Emergence," freed from all trammels of the League and those naval quotas that hurt her pride. What will she do in this " Emergence ? " Her Foreign Minister has no fear of a forward march based upon the Family's fervour and formidable sanctions. " If we all unite " —Koki Hirota proclaims in his "Cloudy Gate "—" to act in accord with our Sovereign's desire, the world will come to realize the justice and fairness of Japan's aims. Then bright indeed will be the future of our Empire ! "

Pitcairn Island
Utopia of the Pacific Ocean

By John Houghton

ONE of my most treasured memories is the glorious fortune I had in February, 1887, of actually meeting and fraternizing with the descendants of H.M.S. "Bounty" sailors who mutinied in 1789. This was the age of rebellion, for hardly had the shouts of triumph over Sir John Jervis' smashing defeat of the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape St. Vincent in 1797 died away than the fleet mutinied at Spithead. The men complained of inadequate pay and harsh discipline. Their wrongs were redressed, and all seemed well when there occurred a second mutiny in the North Sea Fleet at the Nore, commanded by Sir Hyde Parker. Under the leadership of a young and resolute seaman, Richard Parker, the mutineers moored their vessels across the mouth of the Thames in order to prevent all commercial intercourse. Yet, to their everlasting credit be it remembered that they declared themselves willing to defend their country should the French Fleet appear before their demand for autonomy was granted.

When Admiral Duncan the same year shattered or captured the Dutch Fleet off Camperdown, whatever the wrongs were, these British "Bulldogs" of that day did their primary duty as bulwarks of England.

To return to the story of the "Bounty," what made this mutiny so thrilling were not only the events at the time, but the strange though true incidents that resulted beyond the wildest imagination of even our present day neurotic Hollywood of Los Angeles (City of Angels) California, U.S.A.

The example of Pitcairn Island, which is a veritable Eden on earth, encourages the hope that mankind, under favourable conditions, can rise from the depths of depravity and cruelty, and make possible the ideal life pictured in Moore's "Utopia."

Briefly, the beginning, like the end, was good. The British Government of that day detailed the "Bounty" under Captain Bligh to proceed to Tahiti, or Otaheite, to get a cargo of the bread-fruit trees, and take them to Jamaica, West Indies, to try to grow them there, and so enrich this island. Discipline was harsh, and tantamount to cruelty, and there was an inevitable relaxation allowed to the seamen ashore in this congenial work. This, together with the dusky Eves, proved too tempting an Eldorado for them to reface the Royal Navy of that day.

They sailed from Tahiti, but mutinied, overpowering the officers—except one or two midshipmen who went with the crew—and marooned them. Hence there occurred almost a miracle of the sea, which remained unique over a hundred years; namely, the longest open-boat voyage of practically a shipwrecked crew, nearly 2,500 miles to Queensland, Australia.

Captain Bligh later became Governor of New South Wales, Australia, and his picture now hangs in Sydney Art Gallery, or did in 1886 when I saw it.

The "Bounty" passed into oblivion for twenty-five years, until 1814—its fate being unknown—when the descendants of the mutineers were discovered on Pitcairn Island. I understand an American whaler hove to at this island, thought to be uninhabited, as a likely place at which to fill up her empty fresh-water casks. A boat came out to the vessel and, getting alongside, gave the "Yanks" a double shock by hailing them with the words "Heave a rope my hearties!" The murder was out! Our Government on being apprised sent out a war-vessel and got a few of the "Old Rations" to bring to England for trial. This vessel was lost, and as the prisoners were in irons below they were not saved, going down like rats.

What an inferno there had been in that twenty-five years! After marooning officers of the "Bounty" the mutineers sailed back to Tahiti, captured a crowd of native men and women—an action worse than the "Black-birding" of my days in the South Seas in the

'eighties—got to Pitcairn, stripped the old "Bounty," and burnt her. The women imitated Mother Eve, by upsetting the Garden of Eden right away, and then it was just one long series of unprintable horrors, wholesale murdering and reprisals—a suicide club. What completed the misery, or rather hastened the inevitable end, was that the white men discovered how to produce alcohol from the roots of a plant. Only one man was left of the "Bounty" crew, John Adams, who was the salvation and the instrument chosen to redeem the remnant with his Bible and teaching. Thus happened the wonderful regeneration, wherein the new Adam defeated the "Old Adam," which I viewed with awe and amazement, some sixty years later.

I was apprenticed on the full-rigged ship "Greta" of Liverpool at the time. We left Bullock Island, Hunter River, N.S.W., Australia, carrying three thousand tons of coal from Newcastle for San Diego, California, early in 1887. We bumped all right off the Three Kings, North of New Zealand, and our fore to gallant mast went like a carrot, carrying away all the long forestays to flying jibboom, and also the mainstays. We all thought it was going to be "Davy Jones' Locker" instead of San Diego. In all truth, the man who christened it the Pacific Ocean ought to try again! The hurricane helped to furl sail for us by wrapping them in ribbons round what rigging was left. We worked like horses, and then, before we were refitted, another gentle "Pacific" twin-brother hurricane got us. For days and nights we worked by dead reckoning, sun, moon and stars having all gone on strike, "downed tools."

The Skipper navigated to clear the deadly groups of reefs, islets, and atolls and tried to make Pitcairn. Dead-reckoning IS dead-reckoning when the trade winds and respectable regular currents run amok. Anyhow we won through, thank God, and found Pitcairn, but nearly too accurately, for we were only four knots to the southwards, a small, solitary island, about as healthy to

nestle in as the Black Rock, Stromness, or the Old Man of Hoy, Orkney Islands. We beat up close and hove to, since, as there was plenty of water and no bottom, it was a waste of time to heave the lead!

It is impossible to describe the relief, and the revulsions of emotion, or the grandeur of this lonely isle, a sentinel of the sea, when clothed in sunshine, with all nature smiling—the same "fella" who had been so grim, so angry and so cruel.

Two whale boats, the gift of Queen Victoria, were soon sighted, dancing in the deep blue waves. Alongside the Governor or Magistrate (as far as I can remember his name was Mackensie) was seen in the stern-sheets of one of them. Both were laden with pine-apples, bread-fruit, melons, limes, bananas, custard-apples, yams, and fish of all kinds. A Roman banquet indeed! Most of the fruit was entirely new to many of us. They all came aboard, and we put a sailor in each boat. Up came the "Garden of Eden" and with it old "Frisco" newspapers over a year old from last callers. What magnificent men they were! They had the physique of Anglo-Saxons with swarthy faces of a Latin type. They were all uniform so far as none had any feet covering, but their clothes were a very miscellaneous collection, including merchantile marine and navy outfit all mixed up, naval straw hats and caps with ship's ribbons of vessels long passed away to-day, such as "Diamond," "Kingfisher," "Opal," "Triumph," "Hyacinth," "Calliope," and all "manner o' craft."

To make a digression, I might add that this same "Calliope" later fought her way out of Apia Harbour, Samoa, in the teeth of a "Buster," under forced draught at half a knot an hour, while her consorts, two American and two German war-vessels, (Omaha and Vandalia, U.S.S., and Olga and another German I can't remember) were battered and smashed to bits ashore, with all hands—now shipmates with R. L. Stevenson. It is an epic of the sea. Doomed as they were, the German and Yankee

man-of-war men cheered, or seemed to do—hearing being impossible—and waved farewell to the gallant "Calliope" while they were all swept to destruction. What a difference in 1914-18! The men of all white nations are men, and deserve leaders at least on a par with them. They are too good to make holocaust with!

When I saw the "Calliope" again—a great surprise—it was in September, 1914, when she was moored in the Tyne River, abreast the Elswick Works, where I had the honour of serving under the late Colonel Sir Percy Girouard, R.E., the man who built the line to Omdurman for Kitchener to smash the Mahdi.

Returning to Pitcairn, I found perfect equality in all things. When a ship does call and heave to, all hands on the island collect the fruit and things for the communal trading, and the goods received in exchange are shared equally. They can then collect a little more on their own to do a little private bartering if they wish. We gave them marmalade, tea, coffee, butter, ships-biscuits (Liverpool pantiles), tinned vegetables, and salt horse ("Harriet Lane") which is about all one could find in the way of luxuries in a "windjammer" fifty years ago. *Re* private trading, for a few needles my sister had put in my "diddy-box" when I left Old England I got my pillow-case filled "chock-o-block" with limes.

It is years since these islanders saw a ship flying the Red ensign, and they never will again, as there is not one left on "The Seven Seas."

The skipper went ashore with Governor Mackensie in one of the boats with a skeleton crew. All the rest stayed aboard with us and helped in keeping the old "Greta" hove to. We played checkers, talked about their ancestors, blood of our blood, bone of our bone, and danced and sang our chanties. We were all as happy as children on a joyous holiday, a red-letter day for all of us. We forgot the near parting for ever, and enjoyed ourselves in the present.

Not one Pitcairner smoked or chewed, these practices

being regarded as sins, nor was there an unclean or a foul word, and we, through our sense of decency and their example and moral influence, were all "Sky-pilots," not aviators. I am sorry to say that the arrears of sailor language hemmed in were duly paid up when we left the island!

It was night when the skipper returned aboard. The moon was hanging at full, just on the top of the sky-line of Pitcairn. More fruit was brought aboard, and a live kid, with which to make a sea-pie for the crew, which we had the following Sunday—a three-decker.

Then the inevitable note of tragedy must come in. Poor old "Dennis," our pig, who had lived in connubial bliss with "Bridget" from Liverpool, in the pig-sty "forrard," who had done what Philip Vanderdecken failed to do in "The Flying Dutchman," namely, doubled the Cape, was hauled out from his beauty-sleep, triced up to the yardarm, and lowered down to join the mutineers, for the good of his race. His squeals could have been heard at Norfolk Island. It was a really good broadcast on Dennis' part, but it made us all sad to part with an old shipmate. Poor old Bridget! Bereft, a lonely cratur! To stop her pining away the skipper, a Scotsman, out of the kindness of his heart, "saved her bacon," and made Dennis a widower without his knowledge.

Then came the finale. The two boats pulled away from the ship's side into the silvery moonlight, and the crew sang, resting on their oars, a most touching song, "Good-night." Every man jack—some were "Shellbacks" of the 'forties—was filled with involuntary emotion, and so they vanished, lost in the shadow of Pitcairn, and we parted like "ships that pass in the night."

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

January 17th.

THE Annual General Meeting of the N.F.U. was held in London yesterday, and it was far from being a peaceful affair. With reference to it, to-day's paper comes out with a heading "Deplorable condition of the Livestock Industry." At last we seem to be getting to the milk in the coconut. Wheat, sugar beet, hops, barley, and oats, all are entitled to consideration in proportion to their relative importance in our farming, but, by comparison with livestock, they are but small details. Let us get the livestock branch, the real edifice of our farming, put on to a prosperous and sound basis first, and then to deal with these minor things, the decoration of the building so to speak, will be comparatively simple. The quota policy seems to have failed to achieve this, and I for one should like to see tariffs tried whole-heartedly. Even so, I cannot subscribe to the doctrine of a tariff on all farm produce, for grain is largely used by our farmers as raw material in the feeding of all livestock. Cheaper grain and dearer livestock products would seem to be a common-sense policy. This right of the home producer to first place in the home market for all farm products is absurd, and to ask too much will be to receive too little, in this instance rightly so. While we may produce a little grain as well as a lot of livestock in this country, and while in actual farming practice these are interdependent, in national farming policy a choice must be made between them in favour of the latter. I find that I first wrote those words in 1932, and to-day I see no reason to alter one of them.

January 23rd.

What a pity it is that our administrators are usually so far removed from the people whose lives are so greatly affected by their decisions and decrees. Just now there is a scheme on foot to transfer the Hampshire village of

Martin into Wiltshire. Just why I do not know, unless it is to straighten out the boundary between the two counties. Anyway, to do this will not affect the lives and salaries of those folk who bring about this change, but what about the inhabitants of Martin? Hampshire is in the Southern Region while Wiltshire is in the Mid-Western Region under the Milk Marketing Board, which means that Hampshire milk fetches a penny or more per gallon more money than Wiltshire milk. Consequently, to effect the proposed change must mean that all the cows in the parish of Martin will bring in fifty shillings per head less per annum. The far-reaching effects of these schemes which look so perfect on paper are rarely realized by people in an office. One result of the Milk Marketing Scheme has been to alter land value, either to buy or to rent farms, all over the country. I am a born and bred Wiltshireman but if I were farming in Martin I should fight like blazes to keep the county boundary where it is. Fifty shillings per cow per annum makes all the difference between just keeping away from the bankruptcy court and going headlong towards it.

January 26th.

Went to the Annual Cowmen's Supper in Salisbury this evening, where, like the Shepherd's Supper of some weeks ago, I could not help noticing the preponderance of young men. This is more understandable with relation to milk production, for I doubt if any industry in this country has made greater strides in improving its methods of production than our dairying industry; and for modern methods and machinery youth is necessary. How I wish that some of our politicians would do a year as a cowman. It would teach them that obvious truth—feed the most cake to the cow which gives the most milk. What they have been doing in farming policy is to feed extra grub to the cows, or branches of farming, which barely produce enough to cover the bottom of the pail. Dairying is the largest producing branch in our farming

industry, and during the past year our rulers have allowed the imports of dairy produce into this country to increase by 7 per cent. on the amount imported in 1933. And I suppose that our land and climate are better suited for dairying than for almost any other branch of agriculture! Still, starving the good cows and highly feeding the poor ones in any dairy herd will soon teach a cowman wisdom or cost him his job, while it is bound to result in a heavy financial loss for the farmer. I have a notion that our farming policy during recent years will produce a similar result.

January 28th.

I see from Sir Edward Brown's review of the Poultry Industry in Great Britain and Northern Ireland that during the year 1934 its produce exceeded the value of all the grain produced by £2,680,276. Taking wheat as half the total grain poultry returns exceeded wheat by over £17,000,000. Oats are less than half wheat, so in that connection the discrepancy is still wider. Hens eat both wheat and oats. Yet we have a Wheat Subsidy and a tariff on Oats, and we import a lot of stale eggs! Yes, and we have other aids to farming in addition. We have the Cattle and Coal Agreement with the Irish Free State! God save us from our friends.

February 2nd.

My small daughter having been knocked off all homework for a year on account of her eyes, I suggested to her the other day that a pony to ride in the evenings might fill the gap. This being rapturously received on all sides, yesterday I mentioned, merely mentioned, to a farmer friend that I was looking out for the Archangel Gabriel in equine shape at a low figure. Result, he arrived to tea to-day in company with another very good friend of mine, a horse dealer of considerable local repute. Tea was a riotous meal, during which the expression on my daughter's face as she waited on the dealer was too

wonderful for words. "This yer pony, missie, be jist the very thing for you," he told her, and his companion backed him up right loyally, while my new pupil, resplendent in breeches and tops, was definitely siding with the majority. I was as wax in their hands, and after tea we all drove to the dealer's home and bought the pony, a nice little beast with a good forehand, named Toby. I do like to see something up in front in a saddle horse; otherwise it's downhill all the time. My pupil is going over to-morrow to fetch Toby home, and my small daughter will not sleep a wink to-night.

February 3rd.

This morning as we were waiting for Toby's arrival I could not help wondering whether buying him was wise. That it will be a good thing for his mistress I know, but her dealer friend told her that in a week or two he would have me riding again. And I'm desperately afraid that he will for he has what folk call a way with him. And I have not been across a horse since 1921! Ugh! What purgatory may lie in store! Later Toby arrived and after lunch down came a neighbour's little boy on his pony. There is a freemasonry about horses and having heard the news he had come to help in the good work. In a soft pasture the riding school was held. I was relegated to the lowly post of groom, while my infant, very proud in an old pair of breeches once worn by her mother, drank in words of wisdom from her youthful teacher. She has had her first lesson, she has fallen off once, but her appetite at tea was unimpaired. I am now realizing what my own parents suffered some thirty odd years ago from my youthful escapes.

February 6th.

Returned home from London to find my daughter on Salisbury platform still all in one piece, thank Heaven! She told me that she had fallen off again, but that my pupil and her teacher had told her that she was getting

on. Henceforth I am to take a back seat in her affections, I fear. Toby the pony comes first, and her riding master second.

February 8th.

Had a long confab with our County Agricultural Organizer to-day, with the result that I am going to try to qualify my herd officially for the Roll of Accredited Producers of Clean Milk. It is well to be ready for any future developments of the Milk Marketing Scheme. Besides, I have just sold my old milking outfit after six years continuous satisfactory work and purchased a new one of the same make, which should give my dairyman a good start off. The new outfit is fitted with all the latest improvements but in essentials it differs but little from the old one. Still, the cows knew the difference, and we had quite a job to get them to walk into the new bail on the first afternoon. But a few days soon put that right, for, like its predecessor, the new bail contains cake, and now Charlie tells me that everything is going like clockwork once more.

February 9th.

Charlie spoke too soon. This morning the noise of some gravel against my window woke me at five-thirty. I looked out to be told that the pulsator would not work in the new milking machine. Why, oh why is it that these things always happen in bad weather, for when I turned out it was bitter cold. The trouble was that Charlie did not know anything about the details of the machinery in the new outfit, so, quite rightly, he had come straight down for me. Neither did I know anything about them, and as we drove up to the downs I remembered that it was at least a full year since he had had occasion to bother me in any difficulty. I once heard one of my men say, " You do want to watch out fer the guvner. 'Ee don't like work, but 'ee kin do it ef 'ee's force put." This morning I was lucky. In the

first few minutes I spotted that a set screw had shaken loose, tightened it up, and all was well. Luck, I grant you, but how impressive! Just call the guvner in and he puts it right in a moment. I shall be able to live on this morning's triumph for several months. In the evening Charlie and I met again, this time at the Annual Dinner of the Agricultural Workers' Union.

February 10*th.*

My pupil, having managed to borrow a very fiery steed, had gone riding off on it this morning, so I was promoted to the position of riding master. To do the lad justice he wanted to take my daughter riding by his side on a leading rein, but her mother took one look at his horse and decreed otherwise. So Pam and I went to a small pasture where I sat on a fallen tree, and let her ride round and round the field, off the leading rein and on her own for the first time. Undoubtedly she is getting on, for she seemed to be quite capable of managing her pony at the trot. But when he broke into a canter my heart was in my mouth. However, we have crossed that bridge successfully. Granted, there was considerable daylight between her small behind and the saddle, but she returned to me breathless, saying, "Oh daddy, he cantered, and I didn't fall off. It was lovely." From that moment until lunch time Toby was forced to learn that life is rapidly becoming harder.

February 11*th.*

Now that my daughter can ride a bit on her own the idea of a safe, very safe and quiet cob on which I could accompany her seems to be rather attractive. My dealer friend promises me an absolute armchair. How I shall suffer, even if he is as good as his word, but what odds? I shall be suffering in a good cause for two reasons. My daughter says that it will be just splendid, and my wife remarks that it will get my weight down. But I wish the process was not going to be quite so painful.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

NOT the least of the many unfortunate precedents created by the war is that of politicians from the Dominions giving counsel to the Mother Country on matters which are no concern of theirs, and upon which they are not in a position to express an opinion. The latest example is General Smuts. A few weeks ago he waxed eloquent on the subject of the National Government's Indian proposals, apparently oblivious of the traditional Boer policy towards native races, and of the position of the latter in the Union of South Africa today. His latest incursion is into the field of foreign policy, where he has been giving the Empire the benefit of his advice as to the line that should be pursued in the Far East.

General Smuts informed the South African Institute of International Affairs last month that Japan might well become a danger to the world by her designs on China, and he called for the closest association possible between the United States and the British Empire to avert such a menace. In conclusion he declared, " Perhaps the hour has struck for Europe to regain her lost leadership, and once more become the bulwark of civilization which she herself founded." How this is to be accomplished by the British Empire pulling American chestnuts out of the fire in the Far East the worthy general did not explain. He did, however, say he felt sure that what happened in the Great War would happen again, so that within three years of embarking upon war with Japan we could presumably count upon American help.

The Fallacies of General Smuts

LEAVING such minor inconsistencies on one side, it is not without interest to note that this plea for Anglo-American co-operation against Japan comes from

a Dominion whose Government had only a few days previously refused to maintain the international solidarity of the British Empire. General Smuts made no attempt to dissociate himself from this declaration. What his suggestion amounted to, therefore, was that Great Britain should pit herself against Japan for the benefit of the United States and of South Africa (always fearful of the progress of any Asiatic Power), without, however, receiving any help from the latter. Now we know what Dominion status means, and what are the implications of the Statute of Westminster.

One interesting aspect of this affair is that since his defeat in 1924 General Smuts has not again been entrusted by his fellow-countrymen with the Premiership of South Africa, and is becoming one of those lone voices which seem doomed for ever to be crying in the wilderness. In these circumstances it is permissible to suppose that, for all his talents, General Smuts carries more weight abroad than at home, and if he continues along his present lines he will soon cease to possess anything more than a " nuisance value " to the Empire at large.

The Abyssinian Problem

THE crisis in the relations between Italy and Abyssinia is a strong argument in favour of the delimitation of such frontiers in the modern world as remain undefined, for the present dispute, like that between Paraguay and Bolivia, would probably never have arisen had there not been large tracts of territory claimed by both Powers. In the case of Abyssinia, these areas are occupied by tribes over whom the Emperor at Addis Ababa exercises as much or as little authority as a mediaeval Scottish monarch did over the Highland clans, and it is not surprising that, by their slave-raiding and other predatory activities, they are continually involving him in disputes with his neighbours. In 1868 we ourselves had to send a punitive expedition into the country, and only

left when, to quote Disraeli, " the standard of St. George had been hoisted on the mountains of Rasselas."

For many years, too, the Abyssinians were able to play Great Britain, France, and Italy off against one another with considerable advantage to themselves. In 1898 Lord Rennell of Rodd, then Mr. Rennell Rodd, rendered his country one of the most important services of his distinguished career by persuading the Emperor Menelik to obstruct the passage of supplies to Major Marchand at Fashoda. Since that time British relations with Abyssinia have been in the main friendly, though there has been constant friction on the Sudanese border. Between 1913 and 1927, for example, there were no less than 139 slave-raids into the Sudan and Kenya.

The Italian Position

ITALIAN relations with Abyssinia have for more than a generation been under the cloud of the battle at Adowa in 1896, when General Baratieri, against the orders of his government, attacked with a force of 14,000 men a position held by Menelik with 80,000. The Italians there sustained a defeat which was to remain unparalleled in the annals of colonial warfare until the rout of the Spaniards at Anual in 1921. The feeling of superiority which this event gave to one side, and the bitterness it aroused on the other, has ever since stood in the way of any real friendship between the two countries.

In 1925 there was concluded an Italian-British agreement by which Rome and London agreed to support one another in trying to obtain certain concessions in Abyssinia; the latter took alarm at what she construed as a threat to her independence, and appealed to the League, but the storm soon died down. Thereafter Signor Mussolini did everything in his power to allay Abyssinian suspicions, and in 1928 a treaty was signed by which the two Powers pledged themselves not to take any action that might be detrimental to the independence of the other; all disputes were to be

submitted to conciliation or arbitration; and the treaty, which was to remain in force for twenty years, was to be registered with the League of Nations.

The Present Dispute

APART from a worse outbreak than usual of lawlessness on the frontier, in which not a few Italian soldiers have been killed, what is exacerbating Italo-Abyssinian relations at the present time is the belief at Addis Ababa that the recent agreement between France and Italy gave the latter a free hand in Abyssinia. It will be remembered that by this arrangement Italy is to receive a strip of coast facing the Straits at Bab el Mandeb, and to have an interest in the railway from Jibouti to Addis Ababa. Given an atmosphere of mutual suspicion, which the treaty of 1928 did little to allay, it is easy to see how the tension of the last few weeks arose.

There can be no doubt from the evidence that Italy has been provoked beyond endurance, but there are wider issues to be considered. Austria is more important than Abyssinia, and Europe cannot spare the guardians of the Brenner for a campaign in Africa. It is by no means improbable that Germany is responsible for a great deal of the present trouble in the hope, not only of distracting Italian attention from Central Europe, but also of making bad blood between Italy, France, and ourselves. Those who may be inclined to question this would do well first of all to ask themselves why the Wilhelmstrasse has sent one of its ablest diplomats to Addis Ababa.

The Air Pact

AS was foreshadowed in THE ENGLISH REVIEW last month, MM. Flandin and Laval came to London in the hope of obtaining some compensation for the sacrifice which their country had made in the agreement at Rome. This is to a certain extent secured by the clause binding the signatories to give the immediate assistance of their Air Forces to whichever of them might be the victim of unprovoked aerial aggression by

one of the contracting parties, that is to say, Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy. The chief advantage of this project from the French point of view is that if it were adopted it would ensure for France the immediate assistance of the Royal Air Force, without the delay of waiting for the decision of the League, in case of an unprovoked attack from the air.

From the British standpoint the special interest of such an undertaking is that it makes the promise of assistance reciprocal, not only between France and England, but between all the signatories. In this it goes beyond the Locarno Pact, for by that we and Italy had certain duties to France and Germany, but none to each other; while none of the other Locarno signatories were pledged to defend this country.

The German Attitude

THE German reply was what might have been expected. Its tone can be attributed either to a statesmanlike caution, or to a desire to protract the negotiations as long as possible while re-armament is accelerated. Probably both motives played their part in its composition. The expressed desire for private conversations with Great Britain possibly emanated from Herr Hitler himself, for he was so successful, previous to his accession to power, in setting the other German parties by the ears, that he is naturally anxious to try the effect of this *divide et impera* policy on an international scale. The rest of the note adheres strictly to the old Prussian tradition of using every concession as the basis for a fresh demand.

The omissions are far more important than the contents. There is no word of Austria, of the Eastern Pact, or of the League of Nations. The German attitude to all those questions must still be a matter for conjecture. The deduction can only be that each of them in turn is intended to form the subject of separate negotiations, in the course of which Germany will sell her

consent at the highest price she can obtain. That is not a cheerful prospect, but France must bear some of the responsibility for insisting upon the inclusion of East European problems. The British Government would have been wiser if it had told Paris from the beginning that it would be no party to the inclusion of the French understanding with Russia in any negotiations with Germany.

A Vicious Circle

THE prospects of a general agreement are none too bright, and it is obvious that so far the old vicious circle of fear-armaments-pacts-security-fresh-demands-fear is not yet broken. Locarno was concluded for the purpose of giving France security and Germany equality, but hardly was the ink dry upon the patent of Sir Austen Chamberlain's Knighthood of the Garter than both Powers began to complain that they had not got what they wanted. By this new scheme we propose to make our guarantee a little more effective, but Germany is infinitely stronger than she was in the days of Locarno, so is France relatively any better off?

The fundamental weakness of all these post-war agreements is that they are conceived upon far too large a scale. Instead of adjusting international differences one at a time, and so creating a better atmosphere generally, the world's statesmen will insist upon trying to find a panacea for all the ills of the human race. Like the dog in the fable, they drop the real, if small, bone in their mouth for its larger, but unsubstantial, reflection in the water. A decade of barren negotiations has proved that no pact can be made which is applicable from China to Peru; the ordinary citizen realizes this, and it will be a good thing when his leaders do so too.

British Interests

IT is to be hoped that the National Government will not lose sight of essential British interests. They are as follows:—

(1) The Franco-Italian agreement must be made

to function. The disappearance of the old rivalry between France and Italy would affect, to our advantage, the balance of power in the Mediterranean.

(2) Any further guarantees in Western Europe must be reciprocal between Great Britain and France, and not dependent upon French relations with Soviet Russia or the Little Entente.

(3) We must have armaments commensurate with our national needs and international commitments. It is no use talking about pooled security if we have nothing to put in the pool.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

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Literary Notes

Mr. Ernest Newman and Liszt

IN The Man Liszt (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Newman gives the first convincing account of Liszt. Previous biographers have all accepted the Lina Ramann life, which was inspired by the Princess Wittgenstein, who succeeded Marie d'Agoult as the chief influence in the life of Liszt. Liszt himself, in his anxiety to appear well in the eyes of the world, approved the legend created by these two women, and hitherto it has not been critically examined. Mr. Newman's analysis is both searching and fair; he does not obscure Liszt's genuine aspiration towards saintliness, but he shows that it was not strong enough to overcome the fascination which the world held for Liszt's innately weak and divided nature.

A good many reviewers have accused Mr. Newman of "presenting the case for the prosecution." What Mr. Newman has actually done is to collect the testimony

of all the persons who knew Liszt intimately, and to draw from this mass of evidence a number of acute and unexaggerated conclusions. His book, as he has been pointing out in a series of brilliant articles in the *Sunday Times*, is not an attack on Liszt, but on the Liszt legend. That this defence will conciliate his assailants is not to be expected, for they would not be his assailants unless they preferred legend to truth.

In his belief that a biography ought to be an accurate record of a man's life, not a specimen of the more soothing and reassuring kind of fiction, Mr. Newman is supported by the words of Dr. Johnson and by the example of the Bible. Speaking of the general run of biographies, Johnson said that we see in them " whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyric, and not to be known from one another but by extrinsic and casual circumstances," and he added " If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue and to truth." The greatest biography in literature, the story of King David, is written in exact conformity with this saying of Johnson's. The whole development of David is given from his wonderful youth through the crimes and repentances of his manhood to his gloomy end. If the Old Testament writer had edited the story of David as Lina Ramann edited the story of Liszt, we should have been told of the popular marriage of King David with the charming widow of the late Colonel Uriah, who, as everyone will remember, was awarded a posthumous V.C. for his gallantry at the siege of Rabbah, and of the death of David and Bathsheba's child. But we should not know that David felt the child's death to be the punishment of his sin, and the story would therefore lose most of its pathos and all its tragedy.

Mr. Sidney Dark and Dickens

A STRANGE example of the way in which legends grow in the teeth of the most overwhelming evidence

to the contrary was provided the other evening in a speech given by Mr. Sidney Dark at a Dickens dinner. Dickens, who, according to every contemporary account of him, was a man of strict personal reserve, most careful of his dress even in his poorest days, and filled with a constant desire to advance himself in the world, and who to the day of his death never ceased to lament his early association with "common men and boys," was presented by Mr. Dark as a genial pub-crawler who "obviously hated success," and was only really at his ease in the society of the unwashed.

The poor were the material on which the comic genius of Dickens worked. But to infer from this that he mixed with them as one of themselves, even if there were no evidence to the contrary, is as absurd as to suppose that because William Wilberforce advocated the abolition of the African slave trade, he took pleasure in blackening his face and singing coon songs, or to suppose that because Mr. Sidney Dark is the editor of the *Church Times* he is to be heard on St. Agnes' Eve murmuring at his bedroom window—

> Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
> As are the frosty skies,
> Or this first snowdrop of the year
> That in my bosom lies.

Einstein

"THE World As I See it" (John Lane. 8s. 6d. Translation by Alan Harris), contains a number of reflections by Einstein on the nature of life, on science, on pacifism, on the Jews and on politics. In outlook and temperament Einstein resembles Heine, who was also a German Jew. The following confession might have been written by Heine—"I . . . have never belonged to my country, my home, my friends, or even my immediate family, with my whole heart; in the face of all these ties I have never lost an obstinate sense of detachment, of the need for solitude." Like Heine, Einstein is a materialist who prides himself on his

religious sense—" I am a deeply religious man," he says, and continues " An individual who should survive his physical death is . . . beyond my comprehension, nor do I wish it otherwise; such notions are for the fears and absurd egoism of feeble souls. Enough for me the mystery of the eternity of life." Believing that the life of the individual begins and ends on this planet, he is, again like Heine, a sentimental pessimist, with a " passionate sense of social justice and social responsibility " to console him for his disbelief in a purpose in the universe. But this concern for the millions of ephemeral beings who infest the planet is, as his indifference to country, home, friends and family shows, an illusion. His deepest feeling is that life is only endurable when a man can forget it in some intellectual occupation—" I believe with Schopenhauer that one of the strongest motives that lead men to art and science is escape from everyday life with its painful crudity and hopeless dreariness, from the fetters of one's own ever-shifting desires." This is a defensible attitude to existence, but it is not a deeply religious one. Napoleon was not at his best in a ball-room, and Einstein is presumably more at home in higher mathematics than in thought about human destiny.

A Modern Marco Polo

IN " Moved On ! From Kashgar to Kashmir " (Translated by Malcolm Burr. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) Mr. P. S. Nazaroff, a Russian refugee from the Bolsheviks, gives a most interesting account of Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan. Compelled at last, by Bolshevik influence, to leave Kashgar, the author travelled over " the roof of the world " to Kashmir. " What an intense relief," he writes " to think that I am at the goal of my wanderings, that I have reached the vale of Kashmir . . . The time taken on my journey is comparable with that spent by Marco Polo, and the means employed the same, on foot and on the backs of horses, and of yaks."

MICHAEL ARLEN

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Mr. Fisher's History

A History of Europe. Vol. I, Ancient and Mediæval. By H. A. L. Fisher. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

All modern historians have the ambition to write a history of Napoleon and a history of Europe. Mr. Fisher must surely be the happiest of all historians for he has done both these things, and with outstanding success. His "Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany," published thirty-two years ago, is a brilliant piece of research in a specially defined field. Since then Mr. Fisher has published a variety of studies, notably "The Mediæval Empire," an important work on Germany and Italy from the tenth to the thirteenth century. Now comes the "History of Europe," the mature achievement of the scholar, man of affairs and teacher, who can view the past as a whole and see what it was, or rather what it is.

Mr. Fisher does not go outside Europe, at least not in the present volume; for though he recognizes that some formative influences have come out of Asia (including "the life-giving inrush of the Aryan peoples") he regards them as mostly indefinable, except the Hebrew influence. And about this he is critical: "The influence of the Old Testament has not been wholly good. If it has given courage and consolation to the saint, it has too often nerved the arm of the persecutor." Christianity he regards as scarcely a contribution to Europe or the world from Asia: "The Christian religion struck no deep roots in the country of its origin. Almost from the first it became a European creed."

The study and composition of history has passed through many phases. In the Middle Ages history was almost entirely chronicle. In modern times Clarendon and Gibbon and Macaulay made it great literature with politics as its chief theme. Later, the modern schools of research have made of history a careful investigation of fact, to discover simply what and how things happened: *wie es eigentlich gewesen*, as Ranke wrote in the introduction to his world-history. To-day, however, there is another tendency, for history to be philosophy—the philosophy of life, of man's life upon the earth. Mr. Fisher is a philosopher; he has also taken active part in the government of a great country in an epoch of world-struggle and movement; he has, withal, a remarkable gift of literary style and presentation. The result is a beautiful work, marshalling the crowded ages of the past with what the French would call *une belle ordonnance*, and presenting the whole to

the reader lucidly, thoughtfully, vividly, and often with a brilliant phrasing which stays in the reader's memory.

The chapters on Greece are written with zest, and with a lively appreciation of the scenery, done, obviously, from the life. The Hellenes themselves are appreciated to the full. "By an astonishing dispensation of fate the one people of genius in the annals of the world is the earliest of the European races to emerge into the full light of history." About the Roman Republic the author is not so happy, and his treatment of the theme perhaps not quite so successful. Yet if the Romans do not live quite so intensely in these pages as do the ancient Greeks—a "free world of warriors, minstrels, pirates and adventurers"—they are at any rate given one tremendous compliment: "The subjection during the space of a single lifetime of the whole inhabited world to the rule of Rome struck contemporaries as being, which indeed it was, the crowning miracle of history." The author defines the dominating forces of Europe's history as being Hellenic civilization, the Roman Empire, the Christian religion, and the Germanic invasions which overwhelmed the Roman Empire. The description of the decline and fall of the Empire by a prolonged infiltration of Barbarian tribes and mercenaries and by a series of local revolutions is a skilful explanation of a period which in the works of most historians is apt to appear crowded and confused.

Mr. Fisher does not see necessary laws working out a logical process of history: "These harmonies are concealed from me. I can see only one emergency following upon another." Such an emergency was the collapse of the Roman Empire; another was the rise of Charlemagne after nearly three centuries of "a steady decomposition of public power" in Gaul under the Merovings. Another was the breaking up of Charlemagne's empire in the ninth and tenth centuries; for although "a break-up of the Frankish Empire was in some shape inevitable and wholesome," Charlemagne's successors, out of all the ways for sharing-out their power, "chose the worst"—the "old bad system of family partitions." The revival of the Western Empire by the German king Otto I in 962 "redeemed Italy from degradation and helped to restore the Papacy to the respect of the Western world," but it proved to be a calamity for Germany because it led to that frightful prolonged struggle, both spiritual and secular, between Papacy and Empire; it may therefore, in the long run, have been a calamity for the Church.

The Crusades, the development of monasticism, the universities, towns; Spain, and the Hundred Years War; Mediæval Russia and the advance of the Turks—these and other portentous episodes in the great roll of Europe's history are treated in this volume, which I should like to have been longer; these last brilliant crowded centuries of the Middle Age, as marshalled in this narrative, leave the reader eager to see what was happening next. There is no attempt to show a definite " close " to the Middle Ages.

R. B. MOWAT.

Two Eccentrics

THE EXEMPLARY MR. DAY. BY SIR S. H. SCOTT. (Faber & Faber, Ltd. 8s. 6d.)

H. W. FOWLER. BY G. G. COULTON. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.)

ECCENTRIC is perhaps too mild a term for Thomas Day, who in certain respects was a lunatic. The central feature of his life was his attempt to train a girl to be his wife. His requirements were simple: heroic courage, complete subjugation of her will to his, Spartan austerity, absolute abandonment of the outside world (including friends and relations), contempt of rank and finery and all conventional standards, and a slavish devotion to her lord and master. He hoped that most of these qualities would manifest themselves in time, but the more commonplace ones of courage and fortitude could be tested in the earlier stages of education. He therefore proceeded to test them. He had discovered the girl in the Foundling Hospital of Shrewsbury, had adopted her and had christened her Sabrina. In the phraseology of a less experimental age, Sabrina now had " to go through it."

Day believed that the dropping of melted sealing-wax on the neck and arms of Sabrina would, if she treated it as an ordinary occurrence, definitely signify her indifference to immediate physical pain. He tried it, but was disagreeably surprised to note that, as the wax sizzled and hardened on her flesh, she so far forgot herself as to scream. But there was still hope. A woman who could not endure acute suffering, because of some inherited effeminacy, might yet be stoical under the threat of mortal danger. He informed her, therefore, that he had loaded his pistol and begged her to have sufficient faith in the accuracy of his aim, and his proved affection for herself, not to jump when

he fired a bullet into her petticoats. Taking a careful aim at her legs, he then fired off a blank cartridge, and was shocked to observe that she not only jumped but emitted a howl of terror. He was not, however, callous enough to give her up in despair at the first failure. He wanted her to have every possible chance of gaining his good opinion; so he went on blazing away hopefully at her skirts. But, try as he might, the wretched girl failed to justify her claim to his " compassion and indulgence," and he was mortified beyond measure when, at every repetition of the explosion, she continued to show traces of discomposure. In the hope that hardening would come with time, he repeated these experiments, with others of a similar nature, at frequent intervals; but Sabrina never really got used to them, and continually vexed him with her querulous complaints.

But the later 18th century was a period of hope and at last Day's optimism was rewarded. Having cast off Sabrina and failed to make his system attractive to several other damsels, he met a lady who fulfilled his requirements, and they lived happily together until Thomas was thrown on his head by a horse which had not been broken in by the pistol and sealing-wax treatment.

To readers of Sir S. H. Scott's book the above description of Sabrina's martyrdom, which is not his, will appear disproportionate, since he tells us a lot about Day's humanitarian activities; but each to his taste, and the present writer considers that Thomas's lady-killing experiments reveal him more completely than his poems, his speeches and his *Sandford and Merton*.

Eccentric is perhaps too strong a term for H. W. Fowler, a brief description of whose life has been written very pleasantly by Mr. G. G. Coulton. For 17 years Fowler was a master at Sedbergh. Though in many respects a characteristic product of an English public school, he was never popular with boys, who were rather frightened of him. He was aloof, and, in spite of his addiction to violent exercise and an early-morning cold plunge in all seasons, a trifle old-maidish in his habits and manners. He left Sedbergh owing to a disagreement with the headmaster on the subject of a religious test. As a " wise atheist " he would not prepare the boys for confirmation. Eventually, he settled with his brother in Guernsey, where he built himself a house and began his famous work on the English language. At the age of fifty, he married, and seven years later the Great War broke out. Reducing his age by thirteen years, he joined up in the

Sportsman's Battalion; but the authorities in France spotted the trick and refused to let him see much fighting. He died in 1933. Though he would not have agreed with Thomas Day that human society stank, his hermit-like existence seems to suggest that he found it a little trying. HESKETH PEARSON.

A Jacobite Miscellany

THE OLD CHEVALIER. By A. and H. TAYLER. (Cassell. 5s.)
THE JACOBITES OF ABERDEENSHIRE AND BANFFSHIRE IN THE RISING OF 1715. By A. and H. TAYLER. (Oliver and Boyd. 12s. 6d.)
PRINCE CHARLIE AND HIS LADIES. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)
THE WANDERING PRINCE. By L. DUMONT-WILDEN. (Bell. 10s. 6d.)

THE flood of books dealing with the Stuarts shows no signs of abating, and in some ways it is a pity that this should be the case, for authors who are in no way qualified to write about the dynasty are thereby tempted to do so by the mere hope of gain. The result is that recent Jacobite literature is most uneven in its quality, as these four volumes abundantly testify. The first two works are written by scholars to whom even the general reader needs no introduction; Mr. Compton Mackenzie is always stimulating, even when one cannot agree with him; but M. Dumont-Wilden would appear to have no other qualification to write the biography of Prince Charles Edward than a hatred of monarchy and a disregard for truth.

A short life of James III and VIII was greatly needed, and The Old Chevalier will fill the gap. It does not profess to be more than a good straightforward account of its subject, and the only criticism to be made on the manner of telling the story is that a little more stress on the King's honesty, and on his patience under adversity, would not have come amiss. There are two slips which should be corrected in a subsequent edition: on page 70 the allusion is to St. James's Palace, not to St. Germains, while in the genealogy on page 171 the impression is given that Henry V was the son of the Comte de Chambord, whereas Henry V and the Comte de Chambord were the same person. A paragraph might also have been inserted explaining that the real blow in 1715 was to have been struck in the South and West of England, in which case the Scottish rising would have

been a sideshow. These, however, are small points, and in no way detract from the merit of a well-proportioned biography.

The same authors' work on North-West Scotland in the Fifteen is a most painstaking research into the family history of those concerned. In a way it is thus the complement of that which they published some years ago dealing with the Forty-Five. At first sight such a volume might appear to have merely a local and genealogical interest, but this is by no means the case. A perusal of these pages tells a story of divided loyalties, and of disunited families, which certainly cannot be ignored by those who wish to understand how men felt in those dark days when a Guelph first usurped the Stuart throne. As in their other works, the joint authors have here maintained a very high standard of accuracy, and it is a mere *lapsus calami* on page 34 that makes Liverpool an episcopal see in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Mackenzie will have it that Charles Edward was a good Scottish Nationalist, but those who do not agree with this view must not avoid the present book for that reason, for it is full of good things. In particular, the resemblance between Clementina and her son in many points of character is an interesting one, and the author did well to call attention to it, for Bonnie Prince Charlie was at least as much Sobieski as Stuart. Incidentally, surely it is wrong (page 19) to say that the name of Charles came into the Stuart family from Mary's uncle, the Duke of Guise, for James VI received it as a compliment to his godfather, Charles IX of France? Mr. Mackenzie does not pretend to have discovered any fresh facts about the Prince, but he has enabled the ordinary reader to understand him better, and so his book deserves to be widely known.

As for M. Dumont-Wilden, the less said about his biography of Charles Edward (here translated from the French) the better. The sub-title describes the Prince as "the last of the Stuarts," which he was not; far from his leaving no correspondence (page 4), the Stuart Papers at Windsor contain many letters from him; Lady Inverness was never the mistress of James III (page 15); and the Duke of York did not renounce his claim to the throne when he took Orders (page 259). These are but a few of the errors not, perhaps, unnatural in one whose mentality is revealed by such statements as "Charles I and James II were weak tyrants," and, referring to Louis XIV,

"the interests of his people came after the honour of kings." M. Dumont-Wilden would do well to acquaint himself with the facts before he makes any further incursions into the field of British history.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Marcus Aurelius.

MARCUS AURELIUS. A Saviour of Men. BY F. H. HAYWARD. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE headmaster of my preparatory school would sometimes point to a photograph of a Greek statue, and say with a sly twinkle "we can't do that sort of thing nowadays." We always welcomed this remark as a sign that he was in a good humour; but when a biographer preens himself throughout a book with the virtues of his subject the effect is wearisome, although it has the merit of diverting to Dr. Hayward the moral irritation often provoked by the author of the Meditations.

Dr. Hayward rightly emphasises that these Meditations of an emperor, "whose wisdom," Renan says, "was absolute, and so his boredom was infinite," were private reflections intended for the author's moral advancement, not exhortations to others. More than any other man Aurelius saw good in his fellows, and as Dr. Hayward acutely observes, he did not content himself with paying tribute to those now deceased who had influenced his youth, but sang the praises of his contemporaries. "He made bad men good, and good men very good"—with the tragic exception of his son Commodus, a bad man whom Aurelius realized that he made worse, for when he knew that death was near, Aurelius wrote that there must be some who would say: "We can breathe again at last, freed from this schoolmaster, not that he was hard on any of us, but I was all along conscious that he tacitly condemns us."

While displaying the absence of censoriousness in the nature of Aurelius, Dr. Hayward indulges in irrevelant railings at "modern novelists and psychoanalysts," and Lytton Strachey, of course, gets his dishonourable mention. At the same time, the book is almost an anthology of contemporary mannerisms, and he himself does not disdain the jargon of Freud—"all such faint stirrings of literary egotism he (Aurelius) thrust resolutely back into the sub-conscious."

About a dozen times in the book, Dr. Hayward rolls under his tongue the phrase " born in (or to) the purple; but he should not have given the phrase a home in the mind of Aurelius, saying that he " threw his memory back to his predecessors in the purple." Actually the phrase was not born until centuries later, when the imperial accouchements of Byzantium took place in a purple chamber. Its use in connection with the Antonine emperors is singularly inept, because they sought to re-establish the tradition that the Head of the State was chief magistrate rather than emperor, and that they were called to their duties by adoption, not by birth.

It is good to have our attention directed to the man whom Renan called " the honour of human kind and not of any special religion, and also an honour to the philosophy of which he was the supreme exponent—we should call it rather the religion of Stoicism, which is the pantheism of the West."

BRIAN LUNN.

Fiction

THE POACHER. By H. E. BATES. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
SUSAN AND JOANNA. By ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
AMERICAN EARTH. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

NOVELS about the countryside seem now to be celebrating a memory, and perhaps this is why the shifty figure of the poacher has had, if memory serves, to wait so long. Mr. Bates has taken him, with quiet objectivity, as the last survivor of the older and more feckless ways, and in the fortunes of Luke Bishop and his father we follow the extinction of a calling from the eighteen-eighties to the present day. It is very well done. For Mr. Bates seems to understand his subject in its details, and conveys the passionate attraction it had for its recruits for whom poaching possessed an allurement akin to gambling. The narrative is quietly convincing, and its most exciting episode, the long chase of the father and son by night, is told in a style that resembles the long easy running for which the older Bishop was locally admired. Indeed, the austerity of the narrative is carried so far that the father's death is made to occur without exciting any comment, and the later murder of the keeper, who had wounded him, is left unexplained. Our interest is directed to the latent passion in the son, which breaks out at intervals and finally lands him in

prison, and to the steady change in the little country town after the coming of the railway and the building of the factories by which the independent shoemakers are swamped. The social ambition of Luke's wife and of his son-in-law admirably suggest the new urban class and its ideal of respectability, and the dialogue throughout evokes the different people in the different phases of their changing lives. On a small canvas and from a narrow angle, Mr. Bates has sketched a social epoch, and only the quiet of his manner makes the adjective lyrical seem overstrained.

It cannot be said that the canon—only a poet can evoke the countryside—is fulfilled in Miss Cambridge's novel. True, she confines herself mainly to the gentry, and the real subject of "Susan and Joanna" is the contrast of the two marriages of these two young women, both of whom nearly married the same man. Garry, the man, is an inconsequent young farmer, whose old Aunt had managed for him. On her death the farm is run by his stockman, whose ambition is to breed a champion bull, and who does not take kindly to Joanna, the schoolmastered and much-examined young lady who becomes Garry's wife. Her friend, the more spontaneous Susan, left without means by her self-indulgent father, marries a young pathologist and is shown coping, courageously but without experience, with the problem of lonely poverty while her husband pursues research abroad. The characters of the two girls, both transplanted into unfamiliar surroundings, is a good subject, but Miss Cambridge sketches it from the outside with a cold or rather a numb touch that does not rise to her opportunities. For instance, in the human scene when Joanna, a daughter of the rectory, is struck by her husband we have the fact but not its emotional consequences. "It was more than a blow. It was a thing that could not happen, and that had happened to her." This sentence would be excellent in a scenario. It is the bare skeleton of a story, and this flatness is felt throughout. Toward the climax the narrative moves more briskly. The revengeful stockman at least comes to life; but the novel remains an excellent plan that remains a plan for want of more imagination in its telling.

Everything serves to remind us that the likeness between England and America is deceptive. The countryside in Mr. Caldwell's stories is utterly unlike our own. His people seem to be urban people who happen to be found in the country, and that agricultural air, however different, that no doubt once

marked the Southern States is not breathed in his pages. I feel sure that American readers will find a content that we do not find in these vignettes. But that there is no accepted definition of a short story, these are not stories at all. They are separate scenes, with no progression, sometimes no climax, that flash upon us and then pass like separate pictures on a screen. Each is very short, and the method is so precise that the author gives the impression of knowing exactly what he wants to do. Some of them scarcely seem worth his trouble, but no doubt the pleasure of the sketch—for that is the name that I should prefer for such work—is a special pleasure akin to that which people find in the disconnected news paragraphs of a good daily newspaper. Some, like "The Rumour" and "It Happened Like This," are humorous, and the book is probably a very successful attempt to depict the extreme, almost infantile, simplicity of the types that it sketches. Those who know the originals will best appreciate the quality of the author's observation. Our difficulty is to understand this unsophisticated and yet urban type of foreigner.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Wind

"NOT I, BUT THE WIND . . .", by FRIEDA LAWRENCE. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

ON the whole it is a clean wind which blows through Mrs. Lawrence's pages.

"When I met other writers," says Mrs. Lawrence, in what is the key sentence in her book, "then I knew without knowing how different altogether Lawrence was. They may have been good writers, but Lawrence was a genius." She had the wit to realize this undeniable fact under circumstances of extreme difficulty. In 1912 when they first met, she was the wife of an excellent professor and the mother of three children and Lawrence was an unknown provincial school-teacher. She took the plunge, threw up respectability and stuck to Lawrence through the rest of his life. When I first opened her book I could not imagine why she had adorned it with the arms of the von Richthofens, by way of a frontispiece. What had that to do with it? Thirty years ago an anglicized German baron explained to me that the child

of a baron in Germany has about the same social status as the child of an Englishman educated at a pubic shool. But if it was intended symbolically, then it was justified. There *was* something " aristocratic " in what she did, and there was also something of the essence of aristocracy in Lawrence, as there is in all great artists whether they are miner's sons, carpenter's sons, or wearers of old school ties. They are certainly never " gentlemen."

Mrs. Lawrence is stung into insisting on her husband's difference from other writers, even good ones, by recording his meeting in Mexico with Mr. Somerset Maugham, that brilliant dramatist and man of letters and distinguished social figure. " One day William Somerset Maugham was expected in Mexico City; so Lawrence wrote to him if they could meet." Maugham answered, graciously enough, but did so *through his secretary*! They met eventually at a friend's house. " After lunch," says Mrs. Lawrence, " I felt sorry for Maugham; he seemed to me an unhappy and acid man who got no fun out of living." Lawrence abused his friends behind their backs, and did so—as he was always abroad—in letters, instead of like the rest of us, on a stool in a pub or in a club armchair. He also, as Mrs. Lawrence records, once threw half a glass of wine in her face. All the same, in essentials, he had fine manner—the real, rare manners that spring from the heart and understanding, that are freshly coined, and not in the book of rules for the done thing. Mrs. Lawrence has printed her love letters—I suppose she had no alternative—and much pleasant private, and, in a literary sense, unimportant correspondence between Lawrence and his mother-in-law and " Else," also a few snatches of intimate poetry and other previously unprinted documents. To these she has added a valuable commentary, written in a queer colloquial style. Nothing in her book is faked to alter the impression formed by some of Lawrence's men friends—myself among them—that, for him, women were the very devil. If only some man like a fifty-years'-younger Bernard Shaw had loved him, pulled his red beard, slapped his face and ordered him to shut up! He needed a man friend who was in his best ways his equal and in his other ways his superior. He never found one.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Funeral Obsequies

THIS WAS IVOR TRENT. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

WE refer to "This was Ivor Trent" in order to bury Mr. Houghton, not to praise him. In carrying out this sanitary office, we are animated, needless to say, by no personel grudge. By all reports, Mr. Houghton the man is a most estimable fellow, whom in some other walk, such as stockbroking or tailoring, we would gladly have seen go far. We do not hesitate to admit even that the chorus of praise with which this novel and its predecessor have been greeted is not undeserved. We complain only that the praise has gone to the wrong thing.

"This was Ivor Trent" is Mr. Houghton's eighth novel, and in his case that means that he has written with variations the same novel eight times. The ingenuity which the playing of so many variations on a single theme betrays is what calls for admiration. But it is the theme itself that has been admired, and the theme itself is detestable. The capacity of the professional samplers and tasters whom the novel-devouring public indirectly employs is shown by the apparent fact that this has not been noticed by a single one of them. Being as heathenish as they are barbaric, they have hastened to affirm, in the words of one of them, that it is a theme concerned with "the deep issues of life and death." Our quarrel with it is that it only pretends to be.

The "real" personality of the eponym of "This was Ivor Trent," like that of the heroes of the other novels, eludes all confrontation. Trent leads a double life, to each of his three mistresses he is a different lover, and to every one of his male friends or acquaintances he is yet some one else. At the last he is not run to earth: he vanishes. As if that were not enough, he is said moreover to have in him "the potentiality of a new being." In an early chapter he comes face to face, and of course outside himself, with this new being that is in him potentially, and the shock is such as to make him "fall senseless at" the feet of his landlady. All this is not what it is offered as: ontology lowered to the service of sensationalism. For a man's self is not divided by the differing conceptions other persons may have of him, and a new being of the kind vaguely suggested is impossible. Hence "This was Ivor Trent" does but make mockery of the mystery of being. Were it moving, the mockery might be condoned, but of course in mocking such a thing you cannot be

thrilling. The novel, indeed, is best described as chunks of the raw flesh of Pirandello and splinters of the bones of Dostoievsky floating in a half-warmed psycho-analytic gravy, which gives off a strong smell of Jekyll and Hyde. That is why we heap the earth high on Mr. Houghton the novelist.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

Our Times

THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE V. By D. C. SOMERVELL. (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d. net.).

As the author of this excellent book is himself aware, it suffers from the disability of dealing with events of which many are still too near to us to be regarded historically. This is probably true of everything that has happened since the War; it is certainly true of the formation of the National Government, one of the most important events of our time.

Furthermore, it precludes the very possibility of assessing the significance of the role played by the monarch who gives his name to the period under review. We have, all of us, at one time or another, heard rumours of this or that action initiated by His Majesty, but few of us are in a position to know the actual facts. By tradition and custom the activities of the English Crown remain obscure. Except for eight pages specifically devoted to the King it would almost be possible to read the whole of Mr. Somervell's book without realizing his existence. This is rather a pity because, as the English people suddenly realized in December 1928, when they feared they might lose him, the beneficent influence of King George V has, in fact, been of the greatest value to the nation.

Mr. Somervell's book is launched straight on to the troubled sea of immediately pre-war problems: Ireland, the Naval rivalry of England and Germany, Balkan wars and so on. The Great War itself is dealt with year by year and, so it seems to me, dealt with in a laudably impartial and clear-sighted manner. I especially admire Mr. Somervell for his wise reticence in the matter of the Battle of Jutland. When he writes that "it is probably a mistake to claim Jutland as a 'moral victory,'" he understates the case, for the Germans, then as now, regarded it as a "moral victory" also. What he has to say about the Peace is very much to the point, but the tremendous mass of

material and the propinquity of events render the presentation of what has happened since the War a little deficient in perspective.

Like everybody else, Mr. Somervell has his preferences and his antipathies. He obviously thinks more of Sir Douglas Haig than of Sir Henry Wilson, of Mr. Winston Churchill than of Mr. Lloyd George. Indeed, his quotations from the various flamboyant speeches of the Welsh Wizard provide some of the most illuminating indirect commentaries in the book. All the more so as he has a nice gift of phrase and knows how to produce his literary effects.

It were idle to deny that the main impression of this book is one of democracy in decay. The demagogic appeals and manœuvres of the politicians, the succession of futile strikes culminating in the fiasco of 1926 make very unpleasant reading. I suspect the author of being the first to be conscious of this. On this account it seems a pity that he only refers indirectly to the Fascist revolution in Italy which has played as important a part in holding our civilization together as the Russian Revolution hoped to play in securing its disintegration.

FRANCIS TOYE.

Books Recommended

DREAMS IN OLD NORSE LITERATURE. G. D. KELCHNER. Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

THE MURDER OF THE ROMANOVS. CAPTAIN PAUL BULYGIN. Foreword by ALEXANDER KERENSKY. Introduction by SIR BERNARD PARES. Hutchinson. 18s.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS. BECKLES WILSON. Lovat Dickson. 15s. (A Narrative of Britain's Ministers and Ambassadors to America.)

TURN OVER THE PAGE. SIR LIONEL EARLE. Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.

C. H. DOUGLAS: WARNING DEMOCRACY. CREDIT-POWER AND DEMOCRACY. CONTROL AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTION. ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY. Stanley Nott. 3s. 6d. each volume.

MINUET. A CRITICAL SURVEY OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH LITERARY IDEAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. F. C. GREEN. Dent. 15s.

HERBERT READ. POEMS. 1914–1934. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. THE DISRUPTION OF THE FIRST BRITISH EMPIRE. GEORGE M. WRONG. Macmillan. 21s.

A PRIMER OF CHESS. J. R. CAPABLANCA. G. Bell. 10s. 6d.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE Atlantic will see hosts of visitors this year crossing over to the Brit Isles to be on the spot during the Royal Silver Jubilee Ceremonies a Commemorations. Many people this side will take earlier holidays than us so as to be at home also, and the special Easter Tour arranged by the Canadi Pacific to Canada and the U.S.A. should, therefore, be very popular. " bird's-eye " view of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, New York, not exclude the Niagara Falls, should whet the appetite for more at a later da It is good in these days of general travel to be able to say one has been to t well-known city and that. A twenty-four days' tour just fills the bill.

* * *

LEAVING Liverpool on April 18 a peep into old Quebec and historic Montr recovering from their six months' snow bath, of the St. Lawrence with t ice gone, its waters ready for an ever-increasing number of ships carrying wea to and from the New or Old Worlds, the quiet restfulness of Ottawa, the Engl aspect of Toronto, and the hurly-burly of New York will provide contrasts enou to make the trip both enjoyable and instructive. And Niagara after the wint when its waters are at their greatest volume, is a sight of Nature, once seen, th can never be forgotten.

* * *

LATER and throughout the summer and autumn the C.P.R. will run ma holiday tours, from three weeks' to seven weeks' duration. With its wor embracing system no holiday seekers can afford to miss making the necessa inquiries at the C.P.R. Offices at 62 Charing Cross.

* * *

THE King's Silver Jubilee will bring the Dominions and Colonies of t Empire into great prominence. From no part of the far-flung Empire w the wave of loyalty to the Crown be more dwelling in its pride and love th from New Zealand. Down under the world, as it were, tucked away in t waters of the South Pacific, New Zealand is as intensely British—nay, even mo so—than the Isles of Great Britain themselves.

The sturdiest stock of these Islands have in less than a century develop New Zealand from an uncultivated country into one of the greatest of the gre Dominions of the Crown.

* * *

I AM not exaggerating in the slightest when I say that I have heard more peo say they would love to go to New Zealand if they could afford the time a travel than anywhere else. There is a deep latent desire of many people to vi New Zealand. They appreciate the fact of its downright loyalty, its thoro British aspect of life and sport, and " they just want to go there," to use American phrase.

* * *

FIRST of all, New Zealand is one of the healthiest, if not actually the healthi country in the world. Its climate is temperate, no violent extremes tasteful to the English temperament, its soil is fertile, it possesses a m remarkable diversity of landscape, so much so that the Isles could be truthfu called the scenic " Wonderland of the Pacific," and now the modern marvels mail, wire, radio and aeroplane are bringing it nearer and nearer to the " Homeland."

* * *

THERE is happiness and prosperity to be found there; there is a wonderful field of pleasure and experience for the traveller and tourist, and for the portsman is the finest trout fishing in the world—ask Sir Harry Lauder—the ost marvellous big-game sea fishing off the North Island—ask Mr. Zane Grey, e world champion at the game—not to mention first-class deer stalking and much r and feathered game.

* * *

MUST not forget New Zealand's scientific "achievements." It has a geological history as fascinating as that of any portion of the earth's crust. Its warm rings and geysers, its mountains and glaciers, lakes and rivers, forests and ains, all are worth much study to the thoughtful mind. Looking round at the rld it is amazing to think that the peoples of the little Isles of the N.W. of urope should be the rulers, too, of Islands much about the same size in the r-off S.E. corner of the world, and between the two groups of Islands is the ighty British Empire. I could add some prophetic words of "the Isles of the ast and the West," but need not. It is obvious that New Zealand has many essings and many more opportunities. There is room yet for more of the itish breed. Visitor and settler alike are welcome.

* * *

THERE is another place, becoming more and more British, where the man of moderate means can make a home and thoroughly enjoy life. I mean enya Colony. It is yet another part of the Empire which people have a distinct hankering after," and where the climate, the cost of living and the large and owing variety of interests, commercial, social and sporting are a big attraction. Here, too, the atmosphere of the "Homeland" is at its best. The amenities life have become first class. Whether life is passed at 5,000 ft. altitude or at oo ft. there is a magnificent countryside where wonderful opportunities are orded for a variety of occupations.

Tea and coffee plantations run by the "Sahibs" that once made tea planting India a delightful occupation, and other private farms where cattle, horses d sheep thrive, and wheat, maize, sisal and other crops grow, give a good return capital and enterprise.

* * *

WHEN it comes to sport, it is unrivalled, for from big-game to small game the country provides all. Whether for the visitor or the sportsman Kenya now by air only 5½ days from London, just what Edinburgh was by coach a ntury ago. And in this age of air development Kenya will be a week-end p in ten years.

* * *

OF course there must be wonderful opportunities in this wonderful growing and developing country for the man who has eyes to picture the future and ticipate its reward. For the young man who wants to learn the country, as preliminary to making his home there, he can now be accommodated for £2 a ek as a farming pupil, and there study the general situation and make up his nd what he will do. The Kenya Association either at Nairobi or in the East rican Dependencies Office, Trafalgar Square, will give full particulars.

* * *

INCE land in Kenya can be purchased most reasonably, and good-sized houses can be built with the same figure that is paid here for the little four-m houses in Suburbia, the field is open for the man who has small capital. is not only the rich man's perquisite as a happy hunting-ground from home, is the prospective home of many young people who are otherwise doomed in gland and Scotland and Ireland to join the army of black-muftied clerks.

* * *

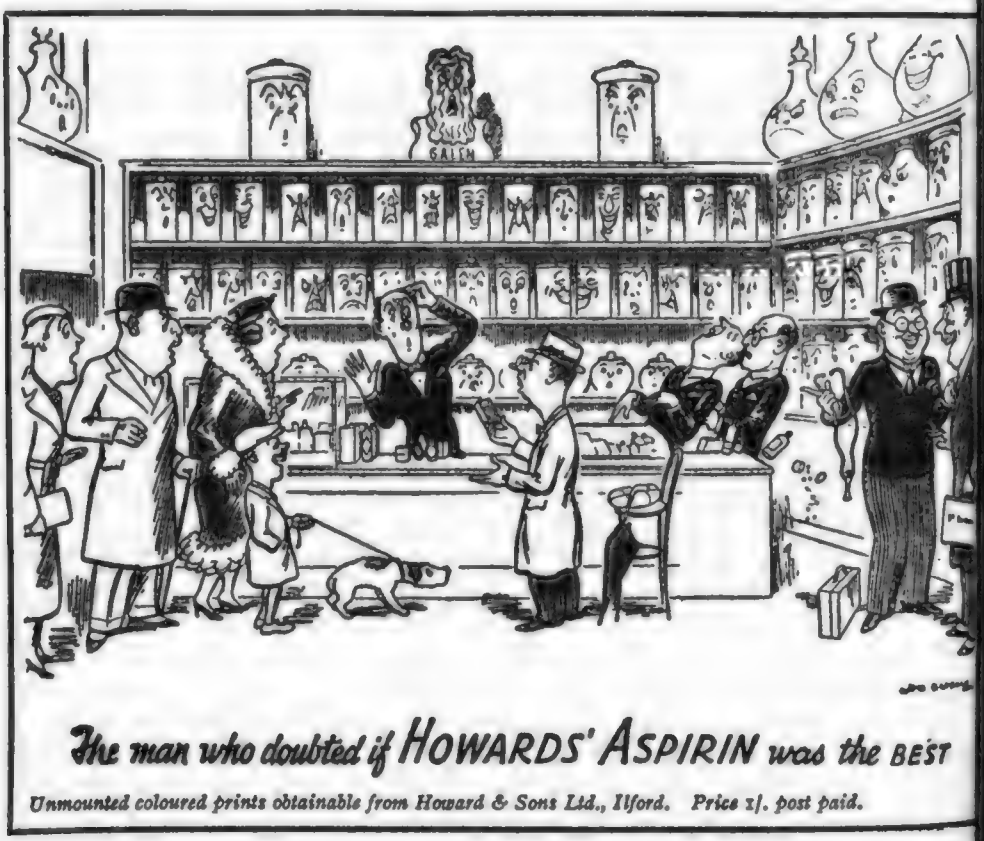
BUT what a different life! What different prospects! It is amazing to th that many young people at home prefer to spend their monies on cine dances and races when a little judicious saving would permit them to see life enjoy it in Kenya Colony as they never thought possible in their wildest dre

* * *

WHEN I remember the Mombasa and Nairobi of thirty years ago, I frankly amazed at the marvellous development of this Colony, so muc that had I been born twenty years later I would assuredly have made my h in such a setting of British life in Africa. In no place has the British ge for colonization been more splendidly exemplified than in Kenya Colony.

* * *

I AM always amused when somebody attempts to doubt the genuineness some well and even world known thing. There are fools who would ca Derby horse a plater or ask if Buckingham Palace was a good hotel or ques whether the Bank of England was safe. So, too, there are those who w create a stir by suggesting that Howards' Aspirin was not the best. A draw by Mr. H. M. Bateman expresses the disgust of the old familiar jars in Chem shops at such a thought. What would happen in the old Chinese chemists s in Pekin I dare not think? But the genius of the artist is shown at its best, those who want to laugh from time to time could not do better than buy t Messrs. Howard & Sons, Ltd., Ilford, London, unmounted coloured prints of artist's vivid imagination of such a scene, at the small cost of a shilling, hang it up in their houses.



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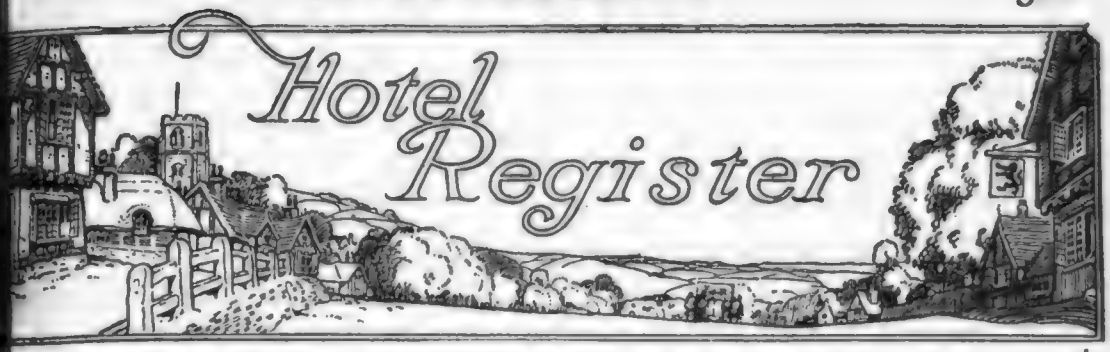

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29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—As one who has never commanded more than a battery and who left
Army in 1921, I think I may claim almost as virgin a mind as Captain Liddell H
who I think never commanded more than a company, and I therefore desir
offer the following observations on his article in February's ENGLISH REVIEW

I will preface them by saying that I am in complete agreement with t
thirds or even five-sixths of what he says, and that I am no enemy to the ge
principle of mechanization.

Dual Objectives.

As a general strategical and tactical theory no fault can be found with
idea of keeping a second string to one's bow. But roughly speaking the only o
to whom a dual objective in the tactical sphere is open is one who hold
independent command; there is not likely to be more than one such in any
theatre of war. In the strategical sphere, using those words in their widest s
the only person to whom the dual objective will be open will be the C.I.G.S
consultation with the War Cabinet.

The mental inertia of all professional armies leads them to seek some for
of victory. If we are not careful the formula of the dual objective will lea
down the same steep slope that the Frederician "oblique order" or the Fr
theory of the "offensive à outrance" led the Prussian and French armies in
and 1914 respectively. After all "la tactique change tous les dix ans."

The Horse.

Captain Liddell Hart's attitude towards this still useful animal seems to
more worthy of a propagandist of the petrol and motor interests (well able to
after themselves) than of our leading military thinker.

The strain on the petrol supply in any future war will be enormous. We
lost command of the sea.

These are powerful arguments in favour of concentrating our resources
the oversea carriage of petrol (far less bulky than forage) and of not scouring
Americas and Australia for horses. But it is not an argument against supplem
ing our petrol supplies by using such horses as are available in the U.K.
Ireland, up to the strict limits that can be fed from the resources of the theatr
war or of its near neighbourhood, for those humbler purposes where great sp
is not required.

If the campaign in Mesopotamia had to be fought again nobody, I imag
would embark a single horse for that country. But all Europe, bar Soviet Rus
Hungary and North East Germany is irretrievably committed to peas

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farming, which indeed with the rise of unemployment due to the over use machinery is likely to spread. Peasant farming means the horse or the bullo and not the tractor, irritating as that may be to the manufacturer of the latt And either the horse or the bullock presupposes forage.

The intelligent and economic utilization of available resources counts for much in war as the most brilliant manœuvres. The man who organized t march to Ulm and who said: "les vivres, ne m'en parlez pas" was eventual sent on the long journey to St. Helena by the author of the prosaic dictum: " I had bullocks, I had rice, and if I had rice, I had men."

Anti-Aircraft Defence.

Captain Liddell Hart appears to think that the mechanization of transp helps to confer immunity from air attack. The very moderate speed of 150 m.p. in an aeroplane reduces the difference in speed between horse drawn transport a a column of motor lorries to practically nothing. Flexibility and ability to g under cover is of far greater importance. This of course is not meant as argument in favour of horse transport as against motor lorries, but is simply suggestion that mechanization of transport is not much of a protection agai aerial attack. Tanks with their armour are largely an exception and a notewort one. But tanks require supply and ammunition columns, and with the develo ment of anti-tank weapons and the building of modern fortifications, artill support. They also require supply bases and ports of embarkation a disembarkation.

Nothing except complete and overwhelming aerial superiority of a kind wh according to one school of thought will make all armies impotent and superfluo will prevent the above-mentioned objectives being bombed, probably not ve accurately, from great heights. But from closer attack and from machi gunning, anti-aircraft weapons with their present standard of efficiency are, if n a complete remedy, a considerable palliative especially in conjunction with aircra Of those weapons the Army is still very short.

The shoemaker thought there was nothing like leather and to me as a gun the future provision of effective anti-aircraft defence appears at least as necessa for fighting a war as the raising of fresh tank formations. No movement exc of heavily armoured vehicles appears possible without it, and they cannot m for very long without ancillary services.

Yours faithfully,

H. J. KERANS,
Major, late Royal Artillery

Harewood End,
Hereford.

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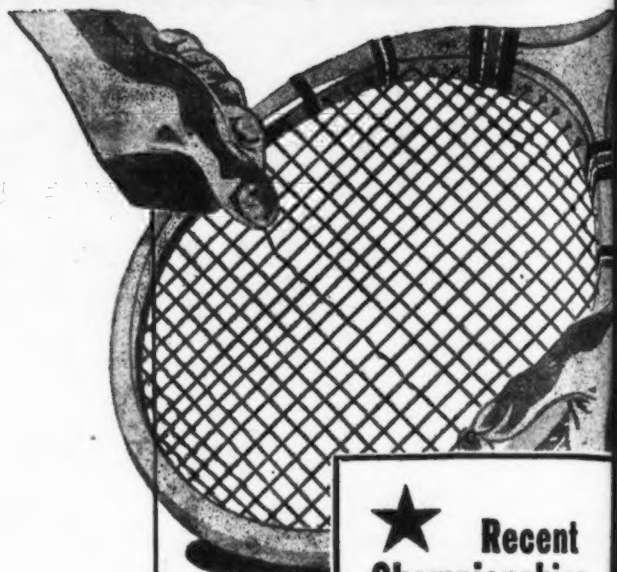

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